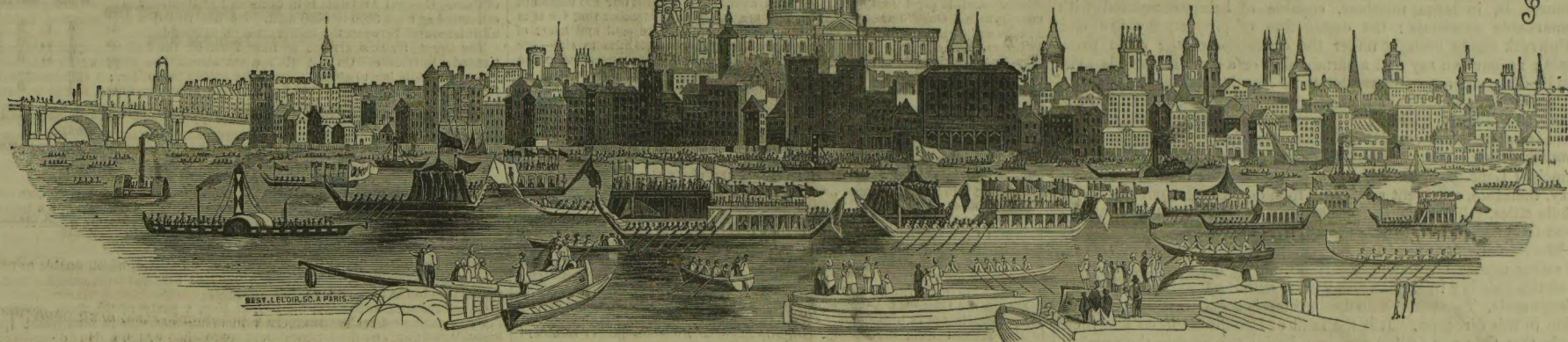


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1846.

[SIXPENCE.]

## COMBINATION.



ARELY is it found that the things which are desirable, are possible, even by great efforts, to be attained; if it were so, the world would, in many respects, be a better one: "if to do," says one who knew it well, "were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages Princes' palaces." There is the eternal difficulty: knowing that a change would be for the better, is but a small part of the process necessary to effect it; still, efforts, and the beginnings of efforts, are ever and anon made, which show that men do not despair; and these, unimportant as they may seem, should not be altogether disregarded: the speculations of one age have so often become the realities of another, that ridicule is by no means a safe weapon to employ against a scheme which comes before us at present, perhaps, in a questionable shape; it is, in all cases, better to examine than to sneer, especially when a plan, great in its object, is founded on a principle really capable of effecting much more than has yet been wrought out by it. Thus, some benevolent gentlemen have just commenced a crusade against Poverty and the New Poor Law, in which these twin evils are to be fought by the efforts of those most liable to become their victims. In a word, it is proposed to form the whole working classes of the Empire into one immense Mutual Assurance Office, which shall secure for all contributors better dwellings, a raised condition in life, and support in case of want or disease, without the necessity of sinking to the

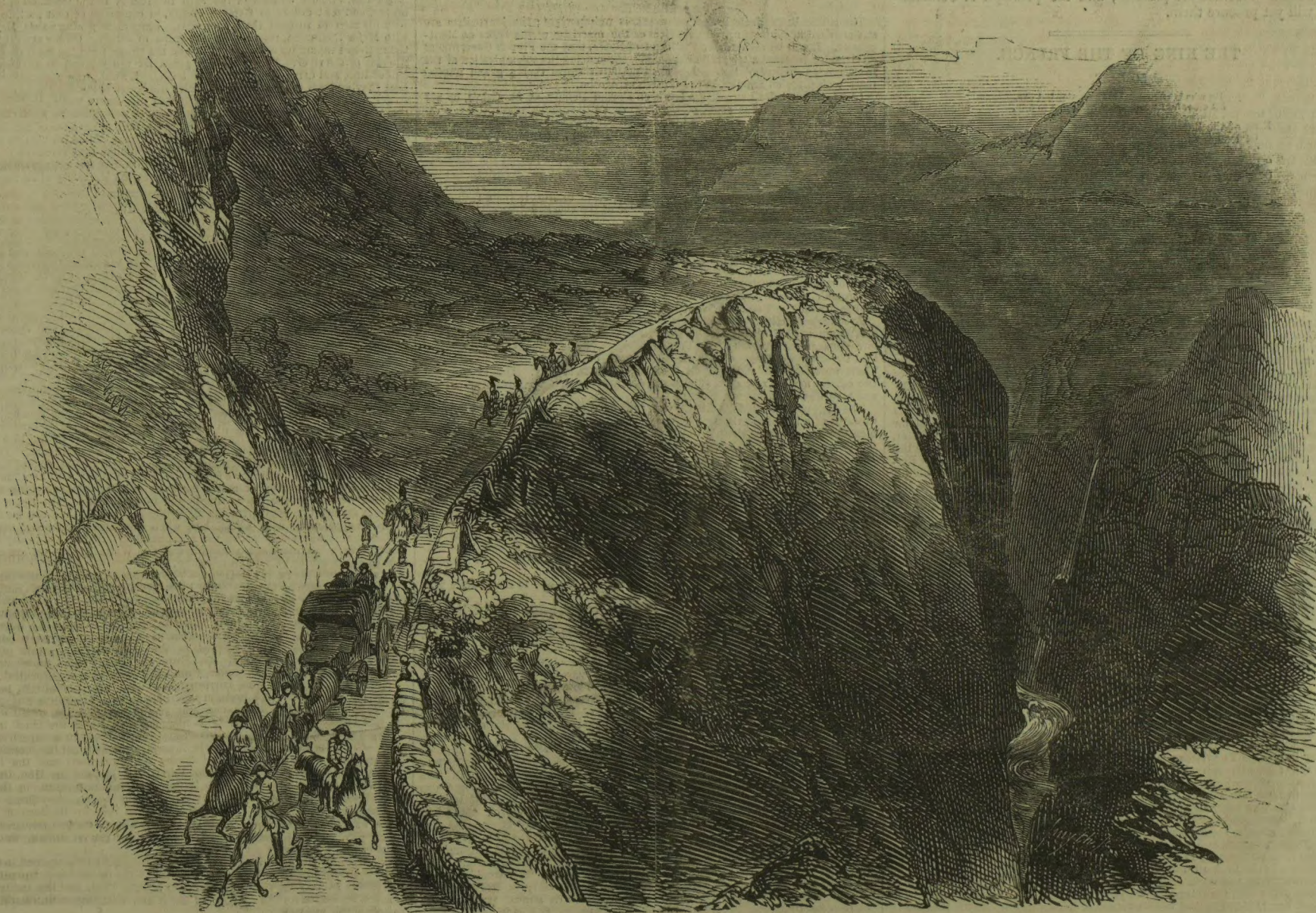
sad level of the pauper, or submitting to the cold charity of a system that, dealing with large masses of human suffering, has nearly lost the sense of individual kindness and mercy. The scheme is grand and benevolent—that must be conceded, as well as a meed of praise to the proposers, for zeal and sincerity; but the success of the plan itself is one of the things rather to be wished than expected. It is not our intention to analyse details, as yet crude and undigested; but the principle upon which they rest—that of COMBINATION—deserves some notice; it is one that has done much for the world, and is destined yet to do a great deal more.

It is scarcely creditable to our superior reason and wisdom that the greatest exertions of men in combination have been made for destruction. Estimate only the amount of human power, moral and physical, concentrated in a great army, like any of those which Napoleon and Wellington often commanded! Here was combination in its most perfect form; thousands upon thousands uniting in action and movement as if they were one body; obeying implicitly the will of a single chief, whether the command is to stand, and "feed death" unresisting, or to rush into active combat, and slay or be slain in the blinding tumult of battle; tedious marches of days or weeks undergone; privations of every kind submitted to; want of food, thirst, the earth for a couch, and the cold skies for a canopy; and to perform all this, an organisation of rank beneath rank, each with its distinct duty, framed with the nicest calculation, till the chain is complete, from the unnoticed unit in the ranks up to the one leader, on whom all this awful host depends! A great army is one of the most wonderful exhibitions of human power drawn from combination; it is wonderful in itself, for the perfection with which the instrument is adapted to its end; still more wonderful when we reflect what that end is, for if that very organised multitude were to act on the instincts and feelings of the individuals composing it, it

would, probably, in very many cases certainly, cease to be an army at all; personally, the men feel little of the hatred they display so destructively in the mass. To bring these hosts together, and to move them from point to point, the revenues and wealth of whole nations have been exhausted, and their population drained, till there were scarcely enough left to carry on the common business of life. Thus, the two things most prized by mortals—existence, and the wealth that supports it—are sacrificed to secure that kind of COMBINATION which creates armies. We speak here only of the effort, endurance, and suffering, which these organisations cost, not of their purposes, or the results they have attained.

Recollecting, then, how life and gold are lavished for ends in which the parties engaged have but a very remote interest, it may be asked, could not men combine on something like the same scale for purposes of peace? Suppose a time should ever come, when, instead of armies for war, States will enrol and organise "armies of industry!" Is it quite impossible? The future may have things quite as strange waiting for development. Imagine hosts, like those that slew each other at such combats as Leipsic or Borodino, making but one campaign against an uncultivated wilderness! But half the toil, the gold, the devotion, sacrificed in a single day, to the ambition of one man, would create a whole province of fields and villages! Estimate what War has cost every nation—work the great sum of destruction backwards, and turn it into a reckoning of what the same energy might have accomplished applied to create and improve, and a very different world than the present rises before us! And this or something like it may be realised when men arrive at the conclusion that there may be as much glory in doing battle with nature and the elements as going to war with each other.

Military power is a combination of strength, supported by the



THE DUKE DE MONTPEISIER CROSSING THE PYRENEES.—(SEE PAGE 250.)



wealth of the State, and directed by absolute authority, disobedience to which is a capital crime. But there are many other kinds of Combination, though none have yet been formed on so gigantic a scale, or with such complete success; but there is a tendency to try of what the principle is capable; and, seeing what it has already done, there is every prospect of success in carrying it still further. The advantage of men combining to protect each other from the ill effects of some of the casualties to which life and property are liable, is well understood. Human existence, though, individually, the most uncertain and least to be calculated of tenures, is, in large numbers, capable of being computed with remarkable exactness: the destruction of property by fire and shipwreck can be brought under the operation of the same principle; no one can say that a certain ship or a certain house is safe, but its destruction may be rendered no loss, by making it a part of a Combination which pays that value out of the contributions of the many to which the accident does not occur. The payment to the fund is constant and regular; the loss casual, and small in amount, compared to the sum received. We believe that the policies of the principal London offices are numbered by hundreds of thousands; they, therefore, represent a body of men equal to the population of whole cities, relieved from apprehension of ruin from one of the most fatal accidents to which property is exposed.

The St. Alban's proposition is to extend the principle of Insurance, or rather that of Combination, acted upon by the countless Benefit Societies existing in England, and unite with it a Building Society on a large scale. There can be no doubt there is a vast field of improvement in this direction. It is the fault of Benefit Societies and Sick Clubs that they rest on too narrow a basis: the greater the number from whom the contribution is received the better. They are also badly managed in a hundred ways, and offer opportunities for waste and speculation not always resisted. Hitherto the working classes have applied the principle of Combination on the greatest scale in maintaining "strikes," which have often proved disastrous to themselves; there is no reason why they should not try it for a more certain benefit. The great defect of the new plan is admitting "voluntary contributions," and placing a reliance upon the charitable co-operation of the wealthy. This is wholly unsound, and any scheme based on such calculations will fail. In all combinations, the money thrown together must be certain, and regularly paid—no part of the exchequer can be left dependent on charity; what may be given may be also withheld, and then there is an end to all certainty.

But there is another thing in which, by Combination, the working classes could improve their condition immensely: it is simply adopting the system that has been so successfully worked out by the aristocracy, the professions, and mercantile men. Clubs and large lodging-houses, built to accommodate many families, would return a handsome profit to a capitalist, even at the rents working men pay for the miserable holes and dens they now inhabit. Houses that were built for one family have often a whole family crowded into each room! Nothing is so strange as the carelessness exhibited in the construction of the dwellings even of the middle and comparatively wealthy classes in London. Whole miles of miserable brick boxes, with holes cut in them, are built, and dignified by the name of houses, while they are really little more than huts of baked clay. We believe that capitalists are beginning to learn the advantages of a different plan, and we shall gradually see many families living under one roof, with economy of space and increased comfort. The middle classes can command the change if they please; but it will be adopted for the poorer when it is perceived to be profitable. The model lodging-houses will not have been built for nothing.

These changes are all practicable, and they involve no violent alteration of the frame of society. The error of philanthropists is, generally, that they attempt too much, and would make men different from what they are; community of goods, equality of rights, and various other theories are out of the question; mere absurdities; but better houses, better food, baths, more light and drainage, and, generally, a wiser application of the funds now earned and wasted—all these are possible; and the principle of Combination will yet procure them.

## THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

### SONNET.

He who is ungrateful hath no vice but one,  
All other faults are passed as virtues in him.

SHAKESPEARE.

King of the Barricades!—Napoleon  
Of Peace, while Peace could best secure thy throne  
The trick is play'd and won, the die is thrown  
"Jacta est alea!" and the Rubicon  
Of perfidy is pass'd! Well, well! Go on!  
What next? The cloven hoof is fully shown;  
"Play out the play ye villains!" Count Bresson,  
Guizot and Louis Philippe 'gainst the field—  
Honour to Egalité's spotless shield!  
Joy to the faithful father—hopeful son!  
Yet, yet, thank Heaven! the spirit of our age  
Smiles with compassion on the Royal ruse.  
Peace, Commerce, Progress, these the wars we wage  
Themes hail'd and hallow'd by the free-born Muse.

**INDUCTION OF THE NEW VICAR OF ST. BRIDE'S.**—On Tuesday afternoon the Rev. Charles Marshall, the new Incumbent of the Vicarage of St. Bride's, Fleet-street, was formally inducted. The ceremony was conducted in the following manner. The Rev. Mr. Dale, the late Incumbent, having briefly addressed the assembled parishioners, Mr. Cook, the Senior Churchwarden, handed the keys of the church to Mr. Dale, who, having opened the door, led the new Incumbent by the right hand into the church, placed the keys in his hands, and delivered to him corporal possession of the church and parish of St. Bride's, with all the rights and privileges thereto belonging. Mr. Dale then retired to the outside of the church, and the newly-invested Incumbent having closed and locked the door, the formal ceremonial of induction was concluded by Mr. Marshall tolling the bell of the church in token of his possession of the church and Vicarage. The Rev. gentleman having concluded this duty, the parishioners were again admitted to the church, and proceeded to the vestry-room, where refreshments were provided by the Churchwardens, and some complimentary speeches were made.

**WILL OF THE LATE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.**—It was only on the 1st of October that probate of the will, with seven codicils, of the Right Rev. George Henry Law, D.D., F.R.S., F.A.S., the late Bishop of Bath and Wells, passed the seal of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, and was granted to his son, the Rev. Robert Vanbrugh Law, rural Dean and Rector of Christian Malford, Wilts. A power was reserved to his other sons, the Chancellor the Worshipful James Thomas Law, M.A., and Archdeacon the Venerable Henry Law, M.A. The personality was valued for duty at £18,000. The venerable Prelate, by his testamentary documents, made in his own handwriting, between the years 1836 and 1840, has disposed of his property chiefly amongst his family, leaving to his sons and daughters specific and pecuniary bequests, and to each of his grandchildren a legacy, and to a few friends, and to his servants. His gallery of pictures he wished to be offered at a stated price to his successor, the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Bagot. His books to be divided equally amongst his three sons, to whom he has left the residue of his property. At the commencement of his will, and again at the conclusion of the first codicil, are these words:—"I commend my soul into the hands of my Creator, humbly hoping that it may be received into the mansions of the blessed, and that I may again behold those whom I have loved upon earth made saints in Heaven." His appointment to the see was in 1824, the income of which, by the last returns, was £5000 per annum.

**HIGH PRICES OF PROVISIONS IN THE METROPOLIS.**—Within the last few days, the prices of the various commodities for the use of this great metropolis have risen considerably. Potatoes, which this last year were fetching only 3s. to 4s. per cwt., are now sold as high as from 5s. to 6s., and some as high as 10s. Bacon is also very dear, varying from 8d. to 1s. per lb., an increase of at least 20 per cent. Starch, soda, and many other useful articles, as regards the washing department, are also rising in price. Within the last three months, the 4lb. loaf has increased as much as 3d. to the consumer, and the various bakers report that, owing to the scanty supply to the London markets, the price will be still higher.

**BIRTHS AND DEATHS IN THE METROPOLIS.**—The total number of deaths in the metropolis in the week ending last Saturday was 905, showing a decrease of 30 as compared with the returns of the previous week. The number of births in the week was 1178. The last weekly return of deaths was under the average of the last five years by 63, and under the average of the last five autumns by 95. Out of 32 persons who died of old age and decay of nature, it is mentioned that there was one at 101, namely, a woman in the town district of Bethnal-green.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

### PARISIANA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Wednesday.

Alexandre Dumas, Theophile Gautier, Maquet, and other *Historiographes* of the Princes engaged in their singular matrimonial progress to Madrid, with an army *d' pas de Charge* for their tails, have not yet unlearned their dark horizon with the coruscations of their meteoric pens. All we hear is sombre beyond measure. The young Duke de Montpensier, I know, by a private letter, is struck to the heart by the coldness of his reception by the ecstatic Spaniards. It was exactly the same treatment of sullen and contemptuous silence which King Joseph—Napoleon's brother—experienced on his triumphal entry into Madrid, when every true Spaniard felt his dagger, and also looked daggers in silence—and, in good time, used them with awful effect against our too confident countrymen. Our friends, on the journey, are made to remember that for ages France and Spain were rivals; and, unfortunately, the whole soul and heart of Spain are found in the lower classes; for the grandes—pignies in size—are morally as non-existent as if they had already joined their ancestors in the charnel-house of their blazonry. These proud-spirited lower classes stick as strongly as ever to hereditary prejudices and feuds; and their hatred of the French is measured by the remembrance of Napoleon's invasion. One amongst several of my more distinguished countrymen, who, in company, have followed the Princes to Spain, writes that, on getting to Vittoria, finding a number of silent Dons surrounding them in the court-yard of the *Posada*, he observed to the nearest Spaniard, that they would soon be but one nation, perhaps, some day, with a French King. Upon which, the proud Castilian frowned, and lowered on him like a mountain, and repeated to him the old Spanish proverb—"Si Dios no era Dios seria Rey d'Espana, y su cocinero Rey d'Francia" (If the Gods were not Gods they would be Kings of Spain, and their cooks Kings of France); upon which the natives uttered a "Ugh! Ugh!" of derisive approbation. My friend, his companion, hurried his departure, and has been since, he says, most economical of compliments. What we feel most anxious about in Paris is to see our truly amiable young Princes safely returned. This feeling is universal at Court; particularly deep with Queen Amelia, who, no doubt, often thinks of the day when the Duchess d'Angoulême, pointing to a picture of the Duke of Orleans, assassinated in his headlong career, in the reign of Charles VII., whispered to the present King the old French proverb—"L'Ambition perd l'homme!" Louis Philippe, much distressed at finding his *Chargé d'Affaires* excluded from the diplomatic receptions at Windsor, has made advances to all the English of note in Paris. They have generally eschewed his hospitality; even his old friend, the eccentric Lord Brougham, is said to have refused. Lord Normanby likewise has avoided the family dinners at Neuilly, although he has been obliged to accept the official invitation for the dinner M. Guizot is about to give, to celebrate his nomination and that of Prince Wallerstein as Ambassadors to the Court of the Tuileries. Count de St. Aulaire, the Ambassador to England, is returned to Paris; but, although his furlough has now expired, no mention is made of his return to London, and, in this crisis of affairs, the young Count de Jarnac will still remain *Chargé d'Affaires* at your Court. Count Bresson is said to have requested the succession of Count de St. Aulaire at your Court, as a reward of his services, and it is highly probable that when the asperity of present circumstances will have worn off, he will receive this guerdon. Thus will he have reached the highest object of his ambition, for, when at one time in his absence he had been named in Paris Minister of State, he declined the office. His career has been highly fortunate, and withal curious. He had been a subaltern diplomatist at Washington, when the South American revolution broke out. His uncle, the advocate, having won a lawsuit for Prince Polignac's brother, the latter interested himself to get him sent as diplomatic agent and Commissary of France to General Bolívar. He was immediately recalled after his arrival at his destination, because he had told the revolutionary General and President, in his first inaugural speech, that his Royal master, Charles X., fully sympathised in his notions of liberty! He arrived in Paris just as the Days of July, 1830, had ended, and all the diplomatic *employés* were disbanded. M. Moïse, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, found him *apropos* with his republican notions, and ready to fill a gap, and made him chief of his Cabinet. He then sent him to London as First Secretary, to watch Prince Talleyrand. In London, the Conference sent him to Brussels; and the struggle he made to get the Duke de Nemours made King of Belgium procured him Louis Philippe's warmest interest, and he was sent as Ambassador to Prussia. I have related to you already how singularly he rose from thence to his present political importance, having effected two of those many marriages by which alone Louis Philippe has managed to get himself re-admitted into the great family of European Sovereigns who had excluded him, and increased so immensely the personal fortunes of the several members of his family.

After Politics—now paramount—the ruling topic of conversation amongst the *haut monde* in Paris is the separation between the Princess M— and the Mr. D—, the richest proprietor in Russia. The Emperor has been said, in the papers here, to have been indignant at his plebeian subject having married his beautiful wife, as she is not only of the Buonaparte family, but, through her mother, is related to the Czar's family; and, as a punishment, to have forbidden his returning to her in Paris; at which the Princess, who remained here, was said to have separated from him, not hoping to behold him again, and to have removed her property from his hotel. The truth is, however, that M— D— has been married six years to the young lady, and has, several times during that period, returned to and from Russia—the Czar never putting any impediment to the movements of his subjects, but when they are involved in political conspiracies, or implicated seriously in other misdemeanours. What is certain, however, is, that the young and lovely Princess—one of the brightest ornaments to Parisian society—has withdrawn for protection into a convent, and has renounced the Russian *millionnaire*, whose mines of silver, gold, platinum, and diamonds have for years been the topic of conversation of the *savants*, as well as the *gobemouches*. To crown his fortunes, the Duke of Tuscany has recently made him a Prince.

### FRANCE.

The political news from France this week is unimportant; the journalists are still engaged in contests upon the subject of the marriage of the Duke de Montpensier. It will be seen under the head of Spain, that the French Government on Tuesday received a telegraphic despatch, announcing the solemnization of the marriage on Saturday last. A second despatch states that a grand nuptial mass took place on Sunday, in the Church of Atocha.

Lieut.-General De Lamoricière has been elected Deputy at St. Calais, by 207 votes out of 369, in the room of M. Gustave de Beaumont, who had been returned for two seats, and made his selection for Marners. M. Ernest Portalis, a Conservative candidate, has been elected at Toulon; he replaces his brother, who died during the last short session.

King Louis Philippe went to the Tuileries on Monday, to inspect the preparations made for the apartments of the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier.

Algiers journals to the 6th inclusive, have been received in Paris. The following, from the *Moniteur Algérien*, is the only article of interest in them:—

"We learn through Tiémene a new instance of the anarchy that reigns in the west of our frontier near Morocco. At the beginning of the last month, the Halafs pillaged a numerous caravan returning from Ouchda to the interior of the empire. It was in vain that it demanded succour from the Caid of Ouchda. The booty taken by the Halafs and their allies is estimated at 50,000 dollars. This is probable from the high price at which the goods have been sold. We are assured that some of the cavalry of Abd-el-Kader were among the robbers. The Caid of Medromah has just given an additional proof of his fidelity in arresting two emissaries sent by Bou Mazza to excite insurrection in the town."

*Le Messager* publishes a report of Captain Bruat, late Governor of the French establishments in Oceania, dated Papeiti, June 3, 1846, giving an account of the late engagements between the French troops and the Otaheiteans. It appears that the latter were successively dislodged from all their positions *but the last*. There were two days' fighting, on the 10th and 30th of May. The French lost two officers and six men; six officers and twenty-one non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

The *Epoque* states that the King, by an Ordinance of the 6th inst., had pardoned upwards of a hundred prisoners on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Montpensier. Among those whose penalties were commuted are five of the accomplices of Quénisset, who was sentenced to death by the Court of Peers in 1841, for an attempt against the lives of the Dukes of Orleans, Nemours, and Aumale. These are—Brazier, who was also capital convicted; Jarasse, Petit, Malet, and Boucheron. Eight other political offenders, implicated in the insurrectionary movements of La Vendée, in 1834 and 1835: four others, condemned for participation in the *bagnes* of Rochefort, Brest, and Toulon, whose good behaviour was made known to his Majesty, had also experienced the Royal clemency. "Agreeably to the desire of the King," adds the *Epoque*, "the amnesty were to be apprised of their pardon on the 10th inst., the day of the marriage of the Prince."

Rear-Admiral Baron de Bougainville died on Sunday last in Paris, after four months' illness.

The price of flour has fallen nearly two francs the quintal, at the Halle of Paris.

Lord Brougham, it is said, received an invitation to dine with the French Royal Family, a few days since, but declined to accept the proffered honour.

### THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

The *Cambria* arrived at Liverpool on Wednesday, with ten days later news than that last received. It was expected at New York that the Government of the United States had decided upon a line of offensive operations against Mexico, which is to be immediately and vigorously pursued. It has been decided to take possession of Tampico, with a view to facilitate the operations of the army of invasion. Nearly a million of dollars have been drawn from the New York banks to place funds in New Orleans for the use of the army. Not the least singular part of this Mexican business is the admission of this same Santa Anna into Mexico, when the United States squadron might so easily have prevented it. The British merchant steamer *Arab* took him from Havana to Vera Cruz, and was boarded off the latter port by a boat from the United States sloop of war *St. Mary's*. The boarding officer ascertained that Santa Anna was on board, and then gave the *Arab* permission to pass the blockade. On the other hand, the people, it was understood, were heartily sick of a war, which, as the *New York Courier and Enquirer* says, "brings coppers to the Mexicans, and nothing but kicks to America."

The answer of the American proposals for peace was that they would be duly referred to the Mexican Congress, which is to assemble early in December, the same period at which the United States commences its annual session. The *Washington Union* looks upon this as a designed evasion, and as intended, in the ordinary style of Mexican diplomacy, to procrastinate and gain time.

It does not appear that Santa Anna had yet reached the city of Mexico; but, on the 20th of August, being still at his farm, an address, or *comte rendu*, was

made to him by General Salas, setting forth what he had done while exercising the supreme power of the Republic, and especially taking credit to himself for having used all his efforts to strengthen the national arms to resist "the invasion and the perfidiousness of the Americans"—and finally defers all power to Santa Anna.

No intelligence had been received directly from the American squadron in the Pacific, through whose agency the flag of the United States had been raised, without any resistance being offered, throughout Upper California. The expedition, which had been in preparation for several weeks at New York, had sailed for California, though none of the transports are cleared for that region directly. The American forces on the Rio Grande have taken up their march for Monterey. General Taylor with his army joined his advance, which, under General North, had reached and occupied Seralvo, a town about midway between Camargo and Monterey, about the 15th ult. He had sufficient force—12,000 men—and adequate provisions for pushing on to Monterey, which he would probably do without loss of time. General Ampudia is in command at Monterey, with an army differently estimated at from 3000 to 6000 men. He has issued a proclamation, forbidding all intercourse between the belligerents on pain of death.

The *Great Western* arrived at New York on the 30th ult., after having experienced a hurricane. On the 19th a sea struck the ship, which smashed the larboard paddle box to atoms, sprung the spring beam, &c.; a splinter struck the Captain on the head, and would have knocked him overboard, but he was caught in the nettings. On the 21st, she was again in the greatest danger from a tornado, which buried the gunwales of the vessel in the sea. The ship leaked on her arrival in port. A letter of thanks was presented to the captain and officers by the passengers, who also subscribed £280 to be given to the officers and crew for their meritorious efforts.

### CANADA.

The New York papers contain news from Montreal of the very late date of the 28th of September. A sad calamity had occurred in the upsetting of a boat near Cedar Island, when crossing the Channel to Point Frederick, by which seventeen lives were lost.

### NEW ZEALAND.

Papers and letters have reached us from New Zealand, which enable us to give a connected narrative of some interesting events that have occurred in that settlement up to the 27th of May.

On the morning of Sunday, the 10th of May, a party of the force stationed at Porirua proceeded up the northern arm of the harbour to reconnoitre Rangiahaeta's position, and the foremost boat approached within a short distance of his pah. They were fired upon by the natives: they did not return the fire, and effected their retreat without loss, under a heavy one from the natives. About the same time, one of E'Puni's people, sent to Porirua to spy out Rangiahaeta's movements, brought word back that that chief was collecting men from Otaki, Wanganui, and other places. They were to repair to Porirua, under pretence of holding a *tangi* over a chief lately dead. They were expected to muster 200 strong, and were to march to the Hutt, and establish themselves at Taita. This information was communicated to Major Richmond. On Friday, the 15th of May, Munturoa, one of the principal chiefs of Pipitea Pah, waited on Major Richmond, to warn him of his danger, and offer the services of his tribe. The offer was declined. The superintendent, although aware that an overt act of hostility had been committed by Rangiahaeta, and although forewarned that the first attack would be made on the Hutt, took no precautions. The officer in command of the troops remained at Wellington.

At daybreak on the morning of Saturday, the 16th of May, a body of natives, about 200 in number, arrived in the valley of Hutt, with the intention of surprising and cutting off the detachment of the 58th, stationed about two miles above the Hutt bridge. Of this party (forty-two in number), fourteen were posted in Mr. Boulcott's barn; the rest were dispersed in tents and buildings in the immediate neighbourhood. Lieut. Page (the officer in command), with his servant, occupied Mr. Boulcott's house. The natives were led by Kaparetehan. The first alarm was given by a sentinel, who, hearing a noise, fired his piece, and endeavoured to rouse the picket. Immediately three heavy volleys were poured into the tents in quick succession by the natives, who rushed on with loud yells to complete the work of destruction. Four soldiers were tomahawked in one tent. One of them, who was bugler to the company, seized his bugle, but, while in the act of sounding it, a blow from a tomahawk disabled his right arm, and struck him to the ground. He seized the instrument with the other hand, and attempted to sound it, when a second blow nearly severed his head from his body. Lieut. Page, with some difficulty, cut his way through the natives who had surrounded the house, and put himself at the head of the men who had rallied from the tents and out-houses. The 14 soldiers in the barn, with perfect coolness and self-possession, divided themselves into two parties of seven each, who fired by turns, and then retreated into the barn to reload. In the midst of the engagement, seven of the militia disbanded on the previous Monday, joined the soldiers, who were in spired with fresh courage, even by this slight reinforcement. The natives, believing that more assistance was at hand, were proportionately dispirited, and gave way. After a smartly-contested action, they retired across the river, carrying with them their dead and wounded.

The loss on the part of the troops was six killed and five wounded. Their names are—Killed: Lance-corporal James Dockrell, privates William Allen, Robert Brett, Thomas Bolt, J. McFadden, T. Sonham. Wounded: Lance-sergeant E. Ingram (severely), privates Patrick Bevan, Thomas Taylor, John Ward. The total amount of killed and wounded among the assailants is believed to have been thirteen. They deny that any were killed, and affirm that only one of them was wounded. The tents were completely riddled with bullets, the Maories firing low, in the belief that the soldiers were in bed. One party fired several volleys into Mr. Boulcott's house. Mr. Boulcott himself narrowly escaped, and a ball struck his servant, Thomas Hoseman, while rising from his bed. The ball was extracted, but the man died of the wound on the 21st. The only other settlers disturbed on the occasion were Mr. and Mrs. M'Hardie. The natives entered their house and drove them from it, but without inflicting any personal injury. The party at Taita effected their retreat, and joined the troops without opposition. As soon as the despatch conveying intelligence of the attack reached Wellington, Major Last directed 50 men of the 99th to proceed to the stockade at the Hutt-bridge, and sent orders to Captain Hardy, in command of that post, to advance with his men to support their comrades. Immediately afterwards Major Last, with Major Richmond, repaired to the scene of action. On his arrival he found the natives keeping up a straggling fire on the troops from the bush on the opposite side of the river. The order was given for the soldiers to advance in extended line, and drive them from the bush. E'Puni, who accompanied Major Last (having been persuaded to relinquish his design of standing aloof), was much struck with the gallant manner in which this manoeuvre was executed. During the whole of Saturday and Sunday the natives continued to keep the position originally occupied by the troops, about half a mile in advance of Mr. Boulcott's section. On Saturday they robbed M'Hardie's house, killed his pigs for food, and took away or destroyed all his property. On Monday they returned to Porirua, in obedience to a message from Rangiahaeta, who had not accompanied them in person. Ample precautions had been taken to insure the safety of all the settlers.

### METROPOLITAN NEWS.

**THE NEW BARRACKS AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.**—We lately made a visit to the works at the Tower, and were much gratified with the bold and noble appearance the new barracks begin to assume. We have already given a sketch of the design for the south or front facade of the building—(See the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, No. 164). And it will be recollected that this front presents two square towers at each end, and two octagonal turrets in the centre flanking the principal entrance, which is a fine Tudor arch deeply recessed, opening upon a vaulted stone passage leading to the back or north tower. The workmen have reached the top of the third tier of windows; at this height the roof of the main building commences, which will be partially hid by a battlemented parapet. The two corner towers have large projecting oriel windows on their south fronts, supported on massive stone corbels; which is a fine feature, imparting a strikingly bold appearance, and at the same time somewhat of the cheerfulness of a residence, supplanting the comfortless single light and fatal loophole which belonged to the military stronghold. Indeed, the whole of the windows have been carried out in their design and detail with strict regard to the style of the period, partaking at once of the simplicity of those in the early part of the 15th century, with the necessary adaptation to modern improvements and uses. The centre window over the gateway is continued through the two stories, divided on the line of the floor by panels, which, we conjecture, will be filled with heraldic insignia. The mullions are worthy of notice for their novelty and exceeding boldness; and the tracery at the top is simple and in good taste. The upper moulded string is divided into compartments by grotesque heads. We can hardly judge yet of its appearance as a whole, but, when the several embattled towers and turrets rise conspicuously above the main building—the fresh masonry in strong contrast with the mellowed ruggedness of the White Tower—we are convinced that its effect will be grand and imposing.

**OPENING OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.**—The session of this University commenced on Wednesday with a Lecture from Professor Taylor, of Trinity College, Cambridge, on the education of all classes in England.

**REOPENING OF CHURCHES.**—The Church of St. Michael, Cornhill, having been repaired and embellished, will be reopened to-morrow for divine worship. St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, which has been closed for nearly two months during the extensive repairs, &c., reopens for public worship on Sunday, the 25th instant. St. James's, Westminster, which is undergoing extensive internal repair and decorations, it is expected will be reopened early in November next.

**THE MODEL LODGING-HOUSE, ST. GILES'S.**—The erection of this building is rapidly progressing. The frontage is rather more than ninety feet; depth, thirty. It is to be divided into three compartments—for married couples, single men, and single women.

**THE ARTESIAN WELLS IN TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.**—It is in contemplation to sink another shaft at the works in Trafalgar-square, in order to obtain a further supply of water for the neighbourhood.

**CITY IMPROVEMENTS.**—On Tuesday, notice was given that all the houses in Old Broad-street and Leadenhall-street, between the Hall of Commerce and the Royal Exchange, are forthwith to be demolished, preparatory to the projected improvements.

**BATHS AND WASHHOUSES IN ST. GEORGE'S, EAST.**—On Tuesday afternoon the vestry poll, which had been demanded on behalf of the measure for the adoption of baths and washhouses for the poor in this parish, was closed, when the numbers stood—for the adoption of baths and washhouses, 278; against their adoption, 503; majority against the act, 230. Several of the promoters of the measure attempted to address the vestry meeting, but in vain. The churchwarden declared that the resolution for the adoption of baths and washhouses was negatived, and dissolved the meeting.

**REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF BREAD.**—On Wednesday, the metropolitan bakers reduced the price of bread respectively from 10d. to 9½d. and from 9½d. to 8d. per four pound loaf.



## NATIONAL SPORTS.

## AUTUMNAL RACING AT NEWMARKET.

Good company's a chess-board—there are Kings,  
Queens, Bishops, Knights, Rooks, Pawns—the world's a game  
Save that the puppets pull at their own strings,  
Methinks gay Punch hath something of the same.

BYRON.

ALL the world knows, or ought to know, that, out of the annual fifty-two weeks, seven are appropriated at Newmarket to the business of the Turf—an appropriate phrase, and used advisedly. Since the Olympic Games, and the equestrian solemnities at Elis, horse-coursing was never celebrated with the rigid keeping, and finished etiquette, which distinguish all its details at the great modern Hippodrome. The current week, albeit the sky influences were not propitious, saw it put on the scene with admirable *éclat*. First claiming notice, are the facilities for transit to the place of action. You have but to pass from May Fair to Shore-ditch, threading the rural avenues of Smithfield, and eke the New Jerusalem known by the name of Finsbury, and, trusting yourself to the Eastern Counties Railway—unless it should happen to break its engagements, and your neck—you are delivered, in some couple of hours, at Chesterford, after departure from the Great City. This is convenient, and consistent with the "progressive" spirit of the time, but, compared with the practice of some half-dozen years ago, there is a sad falling off in the poetry of the thing. See how ship-shape your correct man used to do it then; we do not speak of your *ultra-exquisite*, for extremes of any kind are to be eschewed. We suppose him a sojourner west of Hyde Park-corner. He has been advertised—of course—that the first day's racing commences at such and such an hour; if the July meeting, it will be, perhaps, three p.m. Well, at a quarter past six a.m., his buggy is at the door; he has three miles to do to Charing Cross; and, as his horse cannot comfortably trot less than thirteen miles an hour, as the minute-hand of St. Martin's Church clock points twenty-nine minutes past six, he pulls up at the Golden Cross. In a minute more he is on the box of the Norwich Telegraph, carefully preserved for him on faith of his never-failing half-crown; and, as the chime tells the half hour, "sit fast" cries Mister Bottom, and up the Strand they toddle. While they arrange their load, and tie down the tarpaulin at the Flower Pot, Bishopsgate-street, he draws forth his cigar case, lights his weeds, folds his box coat over his knees, and sets at defiance all encroachment from the morning air. As he glides over Lea Bridge the day comes forth rejoicing; and at Epping Place he falls upon breakfast like a French falconer. At "Owen Edwards's," the waiter without the hat—the man that never was known to wear any covering to his head but its natural thatch—at Chesterford, we say, he proceeds to soda and sherry—and thence, with a light load upon his bosom, to Newmarket, where he is set down at twenty minutes past one.

Thus it used to be in the matter and manner of the wayfaring: now the hot water system commences *before* you arrive. But, once there, whether the year be 1836 or 1846, alike in the social detail, around are groups of men scattered, habited as English sportsmen alone are; and, looking the business for which they have met together, ye understand the English sport is degrees above mere common pastime. Lilliputian boys, in plain frock coats and faultless boots and breeches, proclaim the nature of their service, and the unimpeachable taste of the masters they serve. Tiny, graceful phaetons, drawn by pigmy steeds of perfect action and symmetry, glide ever and anon along the smooth street. Within recline fair women, the *élite* of *bon ton*: the peerless of fashion's paragons. Nothing *mal à droit* or unseemly mars the harmony of the ensemble. All is gentle and aristocratic in the composition and conduct of the picture. Even the *fungus* which here and there is seen popping its head outside the frame—the misfit of Nature's journeyman gibboned in a Whitechapel "Taglioni" and hung in chains of mosaic gold—serves to set off the general effect, by throwing the gentler points into stronger relief. Peradventure, all may not be honourable men—but the tailor and landress have done their duty by them, and if they have sinned a little they may repent. The prodigal sons of the turf are welcomed back on evincing a disposition to turn from the evil of their ways: "levanting" is a weakness to be repaired by the *amende honorable*.

Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.

The two principal Autumnal Meetings at Newmarket are the Second October and the Houghton: with the former of these is our present affair. It commenced on Monday, and spread over the week with a prodigality of sport. True, many of the matches ended in disappointment; but, as Byron sings, affairs of that kind are very susceptible of damage. Of the six days, Tuesday was the cynosure of interest, in every sense of the expression. Leaving, therefore, the others to be represented by the facts to which they gave existence, we will wander a little into the theories of that chief episode of the occasion. The temperature was fearfully low, after the broiling which the preceding six months had made to us a second nature. The attendance was prodigious: not only was the heath strewn with "good company," but with all the phases of snobbery elaborated by "gay Punch." The course was a chess-board, whereon most of the characters which exhibit in that game were pitted in the tug of war—the stern struggle wherein "Greek meets Greek."

There were four Honourable Masters, whose  
Honour was more before their names than after:  
There was the *preux chevalier* de la Ruse,  
Whom France and Fortune lately deigned to wait here.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
There was Dick Dubious, the metaphysician,  
Who loved philosophy and a good dinner;  
Anglo, the *éon-disant* mathematician;  
Sir Henry Silvercup, the great race winner:  
There was the Reverend Rodomont Precision,  
Who did not hate so much the sin as sinner;  
And Lord Augustus Fitz-Fantagone,  
Good at all things, but better at a bet.

The ring was very populous on the adjournment from the town, which took place at one o'clock; and very vociferous were its *habitués* for custom, but though they were ready and willing to lay against anything, almost at your own price, there were no backers of horses. Never was a more unprofitable gathering; the issue under consideration being of course the Cesarewitch—for in these days nobody wagers about anything else when there is a handicap to be had. Those who were on the "cracks" could not get off, except at a ruinous discount; and as Sir Tatton Sykes was announced to be "scratched," his friends found themselves undeniably in the hole. To what base uses may a brave courser be reduced. Here is a horse that could have won the Derby "in a canter"—the Leger likewise—that was expected to walk over for the Grand Duke Michael, and more likely to carry off both the great autumn Handicaps than one—just able to win a solitary engagement out of the bundle; and "now there"—that is to say in circumstances of unsoundness, and the Vet's hands.

The racing which preceded the great event was well calculated for a foil to the pride, pomp, and circumstance with which it took the field. Thirty-one race-horses at the post is a sight to set before a King in any case; but, seen at Newmarket, it is a pageant that would do honour to an Imperial Congress. At three o'clock that gorgeous rendezvous was made; but, as the start takes place at the opposite side of the Ditch from the winning post, it is invisible from the goal, where, at such an anxious moment, men most do congregate. What occurred at the early part of the race matters little; every jock had his own version of it; let it be enough to say that the pace must have been very bad, as the whole company reached the bushes in one magnificent front, stretching across the whole of the course, in array like the coursers of Aurora. Then Tom Tulloch, the popular candidate, compounded, and some four or five got clear of the body of horses. At it these went, Wit's-end and Jenny Wren in advance of the others. This pair ran a very resolute finish, the former winning rather cleverly by a length. Sister to Pergularia was third, though not placed by the judge—not one of the three being in the betting, or apparently ever thought of by the brokers of the odds! The Clearwell, a two-year-old stake, of some account, was won cleverly, in a field of a dozen, by Glentilt, one of the lot said to have been bought by Mr. Mostyn, of Lord George Bentinck. He was ridden by that nobleman's especial jockey, and his victory seemed to give his late noble owner more satisfaction than people are in the habit of feeling at the successes of their neighbours.

Besides other sport which came off, there were seven matches that broke down. The day, however, terminated with spirit—a propriety that distinguished the career of the Meeting. We took leave of it grateful for the good things it had provided—and hopeful of the promise of the Houghton.

For Time is like a fashionable host,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,  
And, with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,  
Grasps the in-comer: welcome ever smiles,  
And farewell goes out sighing.

## NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 1846.

MONDAY.

The races commenced at twelve o'clock, and were not brought to a close until five—a long day's sport. The weather was favourable, and the attendance large and fashionable.

Match.—100, h ft. T.Y.C.—Duke of Bedford's Tannin, 9st 2lb (Robinson), beat Lord Chesterfield's Hollowback, 6st 12lb, by three lengths.

Fifty Sovs, for two-year-olds; colts, 8st 7lb; and fillies, 8st 5lb. T.Y.C.  
Mr. J. Day's The Farmer's Daughter .. .. (A. Day) 1  
Mr. T. Stephenson's Doctrine .. .. (Sly) 2

Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, and only 5 if declared; for three-year-olds, &c. T.Y.C.  
Mr. Rolt's Collingwood, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb .. .. (Pettit) 1  
Lord Lonsdale's Joy, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb .. .. (Crouch) 2  
Won by a head.

Match.—200, h ft, 8st 6lb each. First half of Ab. M. Mr. Greville's Mirinillo (Butler), beat Lord Chesterfield's c by Hornsea, out of Industry (Nat). Won by a length.

£50 for 3-yr-olds, 7st 7lb; 4 yrs, 8st 7lb; five and 6 yrs and aged, 8st 12lb. A.F.  
Mr. Gully's Weatherbit, 4 yrs .. .. (S. Day) 1  
Mr. B. Green's Princess Alice, 3 yrs .. .. (E. Edwards) 2  
Won easily by two lengths.

Match.—200, h ft. T.Y.C. G. L. Peel's Gully Owen, 8st (Nat), beat Lord Exeter's Wood Pigeon, 8st 3lb (Mann). Won by two lengths.

A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs each, 30 ft, for 3-yr-old fillies, 8st 7lb, 3lb and 5lb allowed, &c. D.M. 16 subs.  
Mr. Osbaldeston's Gisel .. .. (Butler) 1  
Mr. Combes's sister to The Nob .. .. (Bartholomew) 2  
Won by a neck.

£50 (First Class), for 2-year-olds; colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 5lb. T.Y.C.  
Mr. Mostyn's Projectile .. .. (Nat) 1  
Mr. J. Daley's Brown Bess .. .. (Daley) 2  
Won by a length.

Match.—300 h ft. T.Y.C.—Mr. Greville's Alarm 8st 8lb (Nat), beat Sir J. Hawley's Bishop of Romford's Cob, 8st 2lb. (Butler). Won by three parts of a length.

TUESDAY.

The Steppingley Stakes of 50 sovs each; for colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 4lb. T.Y.C. 4 subs.

Mr. Bourverie's War Eagle, allowed 3lb .. .. (Marson) 1  
Duke of Bedford's Bride, allowed 3lb .. .. (Butler) 2  
Betting: 6 to 4 on War Eagle, who waited on Bride half way into the cords, and won cleverly by a length. Run in 1 minute 15 seconds.

Match: 200, h ft. T.Y.C.—Duke of Bedford's Black Cat, 8st 8lb (Robinson), 1; Mr. Merton's Jumble, 7st 6lb (Nat) 2. Betting: 7 to 4 on Jumble. Won by half a length.

The CESAREWITCH STAKES of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, with 300 added; the second to receive 50 sovs out of the Stakes; Cesarewitch course. 45 subs.

Mr. Wreford's Wit's End, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb .. .. (Donaldson) 1  
Lord Chesterfield's Jenny Wren, 4 yrs, 6st 8lb .. .. (W. Abdale) 2  
Won by a length. Sister to Pergularia an indifferent third, but not placed. Run in 4 min. 6 sec.

Match.—300, h ft. T.Y.C. Lord Chesterfield's Lady Wildair, 8st 7lb (Nat), beat Lord Glasgow's Physalis, 8st 5lb (Holmes), cleverly by half a length.

The Clearwell Stakes of 30 sovs each, 20 ft, for 2-yr-olds; colts, 8st 7lb; and fillies, 8st 5lb. T.Y.C. 40 subs.

Mr. Mostyn's Glentilt .. .. (Abdale) 1  
Mr. Newton's Reminiscence .. .. (Butler) 2  
Won by a length.

The Royal Stakes of 200 sovs each, 120 ft, for 3-yr-olds; colts, 8st 7lb; and fillies, 8st 2lb; the second saves his stake. A.F. 14 subs.

Mr. Combe's sister to The Nob .. .. (Bartholomew) 1  
Mr. Bowes's Mowerina .. .. (Butler) 2  
Won by half a length.

WEDNESDAY.

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs each, h ft, for fillies, 8st 7lb. T.Y.C. 4 subs.

Duke of Rutland's f by Gladiator .. .. (Boyce) 1  
Sir J. Hawley's Vanity .. .. (Butler) 2  
7 to 4 on Gladiator filly. Won by a neck. Run in one minute and twenty-five seconds.

The Oatlands Stakes of 30 sovs each, 10 ft, if declared, for three year olds, &c. B.M. 4 subs, two of whom paid.

Col. Synges's Mount Callan, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb .. .. (Whitehouse) 1  
Mr. R. Boyce's Colleen Bawn, 4 yrs, 8st .. .. (Boyce) 2  
6 to 4 on Colleen Bawn. Won easy by a length. Run in one minute and fifty-five seconds.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; for two-yr-old, 7st 3lb; and three-yr-olds, 9st; fillies allowed 3lbs. T.Y.C. Winner to be sold for £80. (7 subs.)

Mr. Greville's Killiecrankie, 3 yrs .. .. (Nat) 1  
Mr. Crookford's Mistress Jean, 2 yrs .. .. (Hutchinson) 2  
Mr. Wreford's Wooden Wall, 3 yrs .. .. (A. Day) 3  
Won by half a length: Mistress Jean beating Wooden Wall by a neck.

Town Plate of £50, for three-year-olds, 7st 4lb; four, 8st 4lb; five, 8st 11lb; six and aged, 9st 11lb; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs, if demanded, &c. T.M.M.

Mr. Stephenson's Hawkesbury, 4 yrs .. .. (F. Butler) 1  
Mr. Greville's Polka, 3 yrs .. .. (S. Mann) 2  
Won by half a length. The winner was claimed.

Match, £200, T.Y.C.—Lord W. Powlett's Fort William, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb (Bartholomew), beat Mr. Merton's Mised Stays, 2 yrs, 6st 5lb (Kitchener). 9 to 4 on Fort William. Won by a head. Run in 1 min. 20 sec.

THURSDAY.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each. T.Y.C.

Mr. Newton's Redwing .. .. .. 1  
Mr. Marson's Bedouin .. .. .. 2  
Match, 100. A.F.—Tom Tulloch beat Humdrum.

Handicap Plate. A.F.

Mr. Parr's Dulcet .. .. .. 1  
Mr. Stewart's Cranebrook .. .. .. 2  
Twenty-five ran.

Match, 100. Ab.M.—Taurina beat Retriever filly.

Match, 500. T.Y.C.—Alarm beat Oakley.

FRIDAY.

Match.—300, B.C. Leopard beat Auricula.

Match.—100, h ft. T.Y.C. Coal Black Rose beat Capt. Phœbus.

Match.—200, h ft, R.M. Conspiracy beat Collingwood.

Handicap for two and three yrs old. T.Y.C.

Cantley .. .. .. 1  
Diphthong .. .. .. 2

Fredericgast Stakes.

F. by Venison, out of Cobweb .. .. .. 1  
Archness .. .. .. 2  
Match, 200, T.Y.C.—Vanity beat Lady Lurewell.

## THE LAST MEETING OF THE YEAR.

## THE CESAREWITCH—WIT'S END.

THE year of the Turf is concluded: we mark it,  
Albo carbone—in sporting most rich,  
At Epsom—at Doncaster—noble Newmarket,  
The Derby—St. Leger—and Cesarewitch!  
Oh! Son of the Czar, though you now are afar  
In Peterhoff Palace, your Highness may lend  
A thought on the steed which has conquered the meed  
Of your stakes at Newmarket—Squire Wreford's Wit's End.

Wit's End! Merry Monks! 'twould little importune  
Most wits to arrive at the end of their race.  
The course is so short: yet the Wits of good fortune  
Rasp over a long one with rattling pace.  
E'en so with the steed and his rider: for rarely  
The best man and horse will the victory lend,  
When honour is "bright," and the course ridden fairly,  
Then *Leggery* surely is at its Wit's End.

Most splendid the start. There was Cranebrook and Cherry,  
Wild Jonathan, Wolfdog, the Terrier, Remorse,  
The Conjuror, Keshing, Flahowlagh, and merry,  
Tom Tulloch, with many another brave horse;  
But all were thrown back save Lord Chesterfield's Jenny,  
A line to whose honour we hereby append,  
A gallant steed reckon'd and came in the second:  
Most keen the encounter 'tween her and Wit's End.

But the Turf year is over; farewell to Newmarket,  
And all the Turf glories that graced '46.  
King Phyrus the First who knew well how to "lark" it,  
Sir Tatton and Wit's End that placed in a "fix"  
Some jockies who could not distinguish his merit.  
Thus ever may merit against long odds contend,  
And long may Newmarket in honour and spirit  
Be proud of such triumphs as gained by Wit's End.

## NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOOD SERVICE PENSION.—The Earl of Auckland has conferred the good-service pension of £150 per annum, which fell to his patronage on the decease of Captain Dilkes, on Captain Edward Harvey (1811).

THE CHANNEL SQUADRON.—By latest accounts from the Channel Squadron, under Vice-Admiral Sir William Parker, Bart., we hear that, from contrary winds, it had been knocking about in the gut of Gibraltar, but the ships had at length emancipated themselves, and were returning to the cruising ground off Lisbon.

REMOVED BREVET.—The *Limerick Chronicle* says it is decided to have immediately a brevet promotion in the army—a boon so long expected, and well merited by the service.

NAVAL PROMOTION.—It is stated upon good authority that a great naval promotion will take place early next month, which will have the effect of removing a great number of officers from the service upon the retired full pay list, and of giving promotion to others long entitled to it for their gallant services, many of whom have been upwards of twenty years without being raised a step higher in rank in the royal navy.

## THE KAFFIR WAR.

Some additional Cape of Good Hope papers to the 4th of August have reached us, which give much more satisfactory accounts of the progress of the British troops in the Kaffir country than those previously received.

The last intelligence acquainted us, that on the 16th of July, Colonel Somerset, with his army, had passed the Buffalo at Bridge Drift. The present advices supply us with the important operations of that gallant officer since that period, as detailed by him in his official communication to Lieutenant-Colonel Cloete, from which it appears that, in the pursuit of Pato, he made a rapid and bold incursion into Krell's territories, where he had a smart engagement with the Kaffirs, thoroughly routing them, killing about 40 of them, and capturing 5000 head of cattle, which he conducted safely through the enemy's country to head quarters. The loss on the side of Colonel Somerset was Field Captain Greenwaldt wounded, one Fingoe killed, and one Fingoe wounded. The Fingoes displayed the most intrepid conduct, and appear to have borne the brunt of the action. In addition to the above important news, we have also received particulars of some successful operations of the troops under the command of Colonel Hare and Sir Andreas Stockenström, in the Amatola Mountains. In these engagements it was conjectured that 150 Kaffirs were killed, irrespective of many wounded. The loss on the side of the British troops was inconsiderable.

"Fort Beaufort, July 30.

"No junction yet between the Governor and Lieutenant Governor. The great attack was to have been made this morning on the Chumle Hoek, but no firing heard all day. The impression here is that the enemy will slip into the Winterberg and Baviaan's River, and that the great body of them have fallen back into Tambookieland."

We annex a pair of Portrait Illustrations of the Kaffir tribes, from drawings by a clever artist long resident in the Colony.

## KAFFIR MESSENGER.

This man was chosen by Sir Harry Smith to convey letters after the peace with the Kaffirs, in 1835. He carries the letter in a cleft stick, as shown in the engraving; and he will walk fifty or sixty miles a day.

## DAMO, THE KAFFIR DOCTOR, AND RAIN-MAKER.

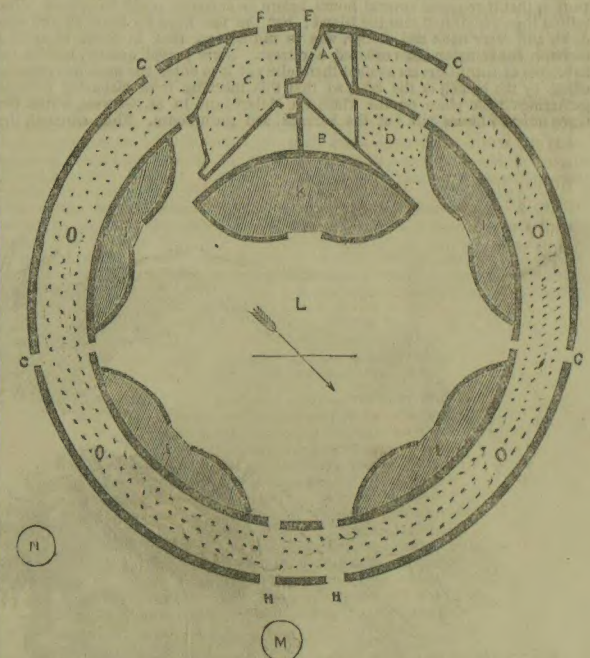
This fellow is one of the most diabolical characters in Kaffirland. He is the only person supposed by the Kaffirs to hold communication with their Gods, and also to cause rain to fall at his bidding. The portrait represents him "invoking rain." The one or two men chosen for their peculiar office are generally good judges of the weather; and, whenever their prophecies are not fulfilled, they immediately attribute it to the anger of the Gods, who require so many head of cattle to propitiate them. They, the Weather-Doctors, by this means become possessed of large herds of cattle, particularly in dry seasons, when rain is much wanted. Some time ago Damo tried to persuade the chiefs of the Kaffirs to burn an old woman for witchcraft, in causing the death of a chief named Maromli.

We have been favoured by a Correspondent with the annexed Illustration of one of the Kaffir Camps; accompanied by the following details:—

It appears that one Retief was appointed Chief amongst the Boers when they had the "trekking" mania, that is, leaving their farms and living together for mutual defence. You must know that a large party of Boers, disgusted at the mismanagement of the Colony, determined to seek that protection for their lives and property in the Deserts which they could not obtain in the Colony. The accordingly sold their all, and steered onward. Numbers stayed so soon as they got beyond the Colonial boundary, the Orange River. Others pushed on to make Natal overland. Their route lay through the country belonging to one Dingaan, who professed great friendship at first; but, so soon as opportunity offered, attacked them several times. They made overtures, wishing to purchase land from him, when he charged them with stealing cattle from him: they assured him that they were stolen by a neighbouring chief; but he would not listen to them unless they captured the offender: they managed to do so, and brought him to Dingaan's kraal. He was so much pleased that he ordered a great feast in honour of Retief and party, forty in number: they spent the day with him, after laying down their arms at his desire. When they were about to depart, he ordered the grand final dance to commence; and his men, at a given signal, rushed in upon the Boers, captured them, and put them to death. The other Boers had many a desperate struggle with them, but ultimately prevailed. I am acquainted with two young men, sons of Mr. Brownlee, the missionary, who acted as interpreter: they were great favourites of Dingaan's; one of them especially Dingaan offered to make a chief, and give him men, wives, and cattle.

"The original of the sketch was taken on the spot by one of the Boers, a friend and hunting companion of George Kennie, one of the greatest Nimrods of South Africa, often mentioned by Thomas Pringle in his interesting 'Narrative.' It is very correct; and it was with some difficulty that I managed to get it for you: possibly it may be of service to the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. All the places marked fences in the notes are made of poles stuck into the ground, and wattled with branches of trees.

"Dingaan is celebrated for his many and great cruelties: if one of his party return from an expedition wounded in the back, he is invariably put to death as a coward."



PLAN OF A KAFFIR CAMP.

A, Dingaan's Palace.  
B, Treasury. Here the Boers found gold, silver, and furniture, which sold for 7000 rix dollars.  
C, Concubines' Huts.  
D, Men-Servants' Huts.  
E, Dingaan's Private Gate.  
F, Concubines' Gate.  
G, Pools, or Gates to the Huts.  
H, H, Great Gates.  
I, Cattle Kraals, each calculated to hold 3000 head.  
K, Kraal in which Retief and his party were seized.  
L, Parade Ground, 920 yards in diameter.  
M, Burial-place of Dingaan's Grandfather.  
N, Spot where Retief and his party were put to death, about 600 yards from the Great Gates.  
O, Space between the Circles, containing 1763 Warriors' Huts.

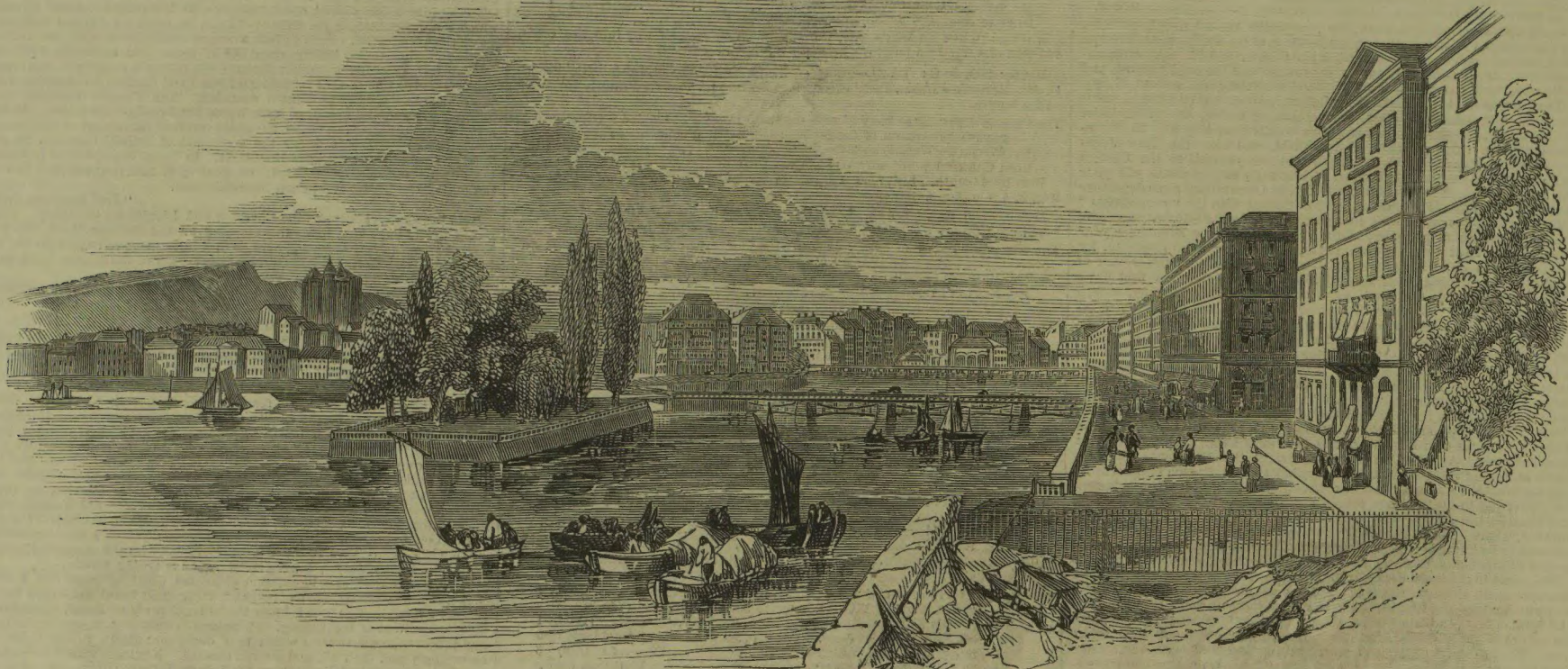
## RIOTS IN SWITZERLAND.

There has been a serious riot at Geneva, originating with the Radicals. The following letter from a Correspondent of our own gives an accurate account of it as well as of the real state of affairs in Switzerland:—

"Geneva, Oct. 10th, 1846.

"It is with no small degree of sorrow that I send you an account of the events that have taken place here during the last few days. You will recollect that more than a year ago, there was a serious affray in the interior of Switzerland between the Jesuits and the *Corps-francs*. On account of this, the seven Roman Catholic Cantons formed an alliance—an *imperium in imperio*—for mutual support. This alliance was discovered by the other Cantons only a short time since; and at the late General Diet, many of the Cantons declared this alliance to be illegal. Geneva, after a long debate, decided for the Seven Cantons. The Radicals, however, were opposed to the decision of the Council; and they held an assembly of the people, on Tuesday last, October 6, in the Church of St. Gervais, having broken open the doors, as the Sacristan would not give up the key. On the evening of this day the Radicals barricaded the bridges with large stones, immense beams of wood, coaches, carts, &c. The river Rhone divides the town of Geneva into two parts, which are joined by four bridges. On one side (the Quartier de St. Gervais), live nearly all the poor; on the other (the Haute Ville and the Ville Basse), the rich chiefly reside. The Radicals cried out, from their side, "Liberty or Death!" All the town was in a state of great excitement. The next day, October 7, the Government troops were drawn out on one side of the river; the Radical forces on the other. All the gates of the city were closed; the shops shut up. The Government called on the Radicals to surrender; they would not. At a quarter past three o'clock, p.m., the Government troops commenced firing on the Radicals, with cannon and muskets; the Radicals fired in return. This continued till six o'clock in the evening. The Radicals then set fire to two of the bridges. The next morning, the commander of the Government troops desired them to fire again on the Radicals, but they declined doing so, and, putting down their arms, returned to their homes. The Radicals then entered the Haute Ville and the Ville Basse. The Council of State gave up its power. On the 9th inst. (yesterday) a meeting of the people was held in the Place du Molard, and a Radical Government was formed, at the head of which is a Mr. James Fazy, the originator of these riots. Ten citizens were killed in this revolution, and more than twenty wounded. I think we may expect a civil war in the interior of Switzerland ere long, as the Catholic and Protestant Cantons are now nearly





GENEVA, FROM THE BERGUE.

equal in force. I have now to record an event of a more pleasing nature. The erection of an English Protestant Church at Geneva has often engaged the attention of the permanent and occasional British residents in and around the city, and also of many of the numerous travellers who annually pass through it. A committee of gentlemen has, at length, been formed, for the purpose of raising the necessary funds for so desirable an object. Hitherto, the English Church service has been performed in the chapel of the Hospital, kindly lent during the limited time that intervenes between the Swiss services. This arrangement is, however, attended with considerable inconvenience; and, as an English Chaplain is resident throughout the year, it would be desirable to have there, as is found in most cities of Europe, a place of worship, entirely under British management. Upwards of £1500 have already been subscribed at Geneva, one thousand of which is the munificent donation of one individual. The cost of the building will, it is calculated, exceed £3000.

The following is a translation of a letter published in the *Journal des Débats*—

"It is with the utmost melancholy that I inform you of the fall of our worthy Council of State, which abdicated this morning. I hasten to tell you that its conduct has been throughout firm and honourable. The Saint Gervais quarter was yesterday cannonaded and *mitrillé* for several hours together; the militia, especially their leaders, behaved in the attack with as much bravery as troops of the line; but all the bridges had been so strongly barricaded by the Saint Gervais people, that it required several hours before an entrance could be opened. The militia then penetrated into the island; but the fire kept up from all the windows, and every nook and corner, was so murderous, that, in order to avoid a carnage, the commandants ordered a retreat. Night passed quietly, but the inhabitants of Saint Gervais availed themselves of it to enter the town individually either by the breach or the lake, so that this morning most menacing popular gatherings took place on the Place du Molard, and in St. Gervais, whilst the Government's forces held but the barrack and town-house. Thus situated, the

Government, dreading fresh calamities, and wishing to put an end to bloodshed, preferred resigning *en masse*, and has entrusted its fallen authority to the Administrative Council of the Town. At this moment the firemen are endeavouring to save the wrecks of the four bridges on the Rhone, which the people of Saint Gervais set fire to last night. The militia have had several killed and many wounded; as yet we know not what loss has been sustained by the insurgents, who, despite the well kept up cannonading and platoon firing, cannot have suffered very severely behind their works. The utmost consternation prevails in our unfortunate town. The most respectable families of Geneva have cruel losses to deplore; among the killed are Colonel Chateaufvieux and M. Pavie."

The subjoined letter, describing the progress of the revolution at Geneva, is published in *Galignani's Messenger*—

"Hotel des Bergues, Geneva, Oct. 8.  
"Having been an eye-witness of the recent outbreak at Geneva, and learning that many exaggerated reports had been circulated regarding it, I send you an account of the circumstances. In consequence of a dispute between the Government and the people, of the merits of which I, as a stranger, do not pretend to form any opinion, the latter determined to maintain what they conceived to be their rights. They accordingly seized the gates, and took possession of the four bridges of the Rhone, which they strongly barricaded, in order to cut off the communication between the two quarters of the town. All attempts at an accommodation having failed, the fighting commenced yesterday, the 7th, towards three o'clock, simultaneously at the Porte Cornavin, on the Place du Bel Air, which commands one of the bridges; and, finally, at the bridge facing the Hotel des Bergues, where two diligences, forming a barricade, were set on fire and destroyed. The cannonading at these several points continued till towards evening, but without producing any decisive result. Last night the four bridges were partially set on fire, and were still burning this morning, but owing, probably, to a heavy rain, without sustaining any very considerable damage. A train, however, had been laid on each, which it was intended to blow

up in case the passage should be attempted. In fact, things were a sufficiently formidable aspect this morning, for we were virtually in a state of siege, and had the Government not felt themselves obliged to yield, they had decided on firing this quarter of the town, and God knows what would have been the result. In anticipation of such an occurrence, most of the strangers left the town, which they were permitted to do, with as much baggage as they could carry. I and my family, together with the undersigned, remained, and we unite in bearing testimony, not only to the irreproachable conduct of the people, who throughout manifested the utmost forbearance and consideration, both for person and property, but also to the extreme civility and attention we have experienced in this hotel, where the proprietor himself has been the most actively zealous in procuring permits of departure for those who chose to avail themselves of them. The report of the killed and wounded is so various that it is impossible at present to form a correct estimate of it. We have had one or two narrow escapes here. One ball pierced the shutter-room on the ground floor, destroying a valuable mirror, and penetrating through an adjoining wall into the room beyond. Tranquillity is at present completely restored, and all further apprehension at an end. I shall feel obliged by your inserting this in your valuable paper, and we remain your obedient servants,

"CHARLES RANDALL, Major; JAMES WATSON;  
"HORATIO N. VIGORS, Lieut.-Colonel;  
"V. F. VYOYAN; V. D. VYOYAN."

On the 10th the peace of the city was no longer disturbed, and business had been pretty generally resumed.

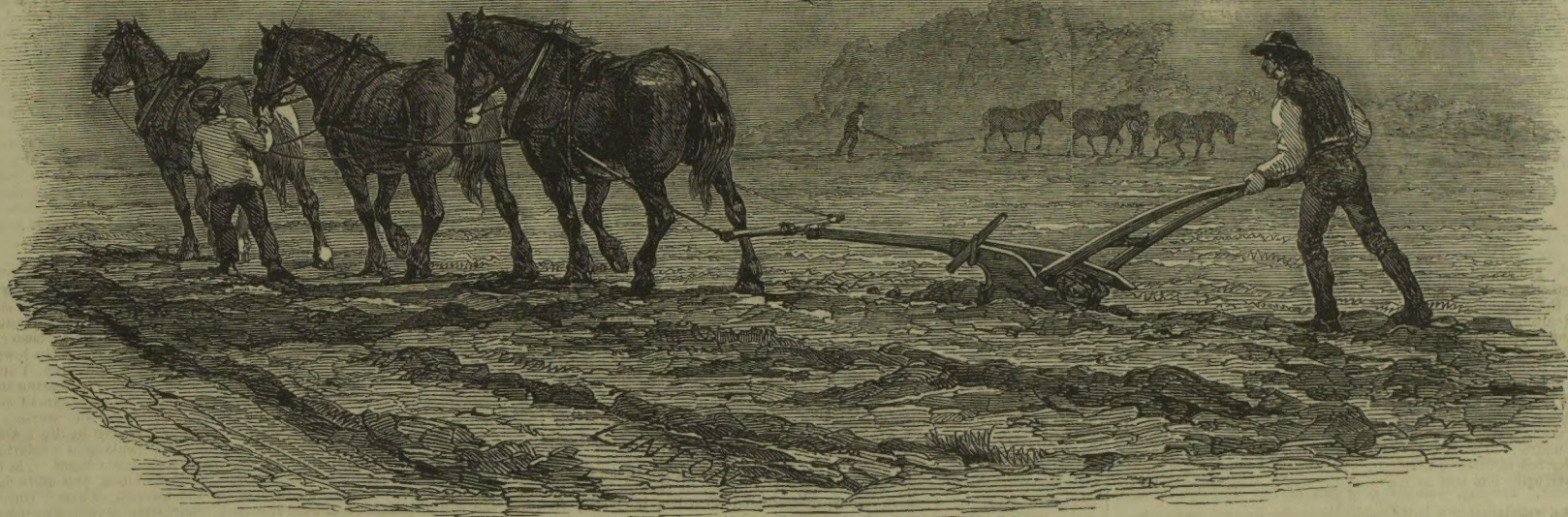


KAFFIR WEATHER DOCTOR.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)



KAFFIR LETTER CARRIER.





AGRICULTURAL PICTURES.—PLOWING.—DRAWN BY DUNCAN.

## AGRICULTURAL PICTURES.—PLOWING.

THIS Autumnal labour has now commenced. Bloomfield has given us a literal picture of the daily toil:—

Beyond bleak Winter's rage, beyond the  
Spring  
That rolling Earth's unvarying course will  
bring,  
Who tills the ground looks on with megal  
eye,  
And sees next Summer's sheaves and cloud-  
less sky  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The plough moves heavily, and strong the soil,  
And clogging harrows with augmented toil  
Dive deep: and clinging, mixes with the mould  
A fatt'ning treasure from the nightly soil

And all the cow-yard's highly-valued store,  
That late bestrew'd the blacken'd surface o'er.  
No idling hours are here, when Fancy trims  
Her dancing taper over out-stretch'd limbs,  
And in her thousand thousand colours drest,  
Plays round the grassy couch of moonlit rest:  
Here Giles for hours of indolence atones  
With strong exertion, and with weary bones,  
And knows no leisure; till the distant chime  
Of Sabbath bells he hears at sermon time,  
That down the brook sound sweetly in the  
gale,  
Or strike the rising hill, or skim the dale.

The Artist of our Agricultural Gallery, Mr. Duncan, has backed his picture with one of those delightful autumnal scenes, which Thomson so well describes:—

But see, the fading many-coloured woods,  
Shade deepening over shade, the country round  
Imbrown'd; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,  
Of every hue, from wan declining green,  
To sooty dark. There now the lonesome muse,  
Lay-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,  
And give the Season in its latest view.

## "MONSTER CACTUS," AT KEW.

(From a Correspondent.)

Those [who] visit the Royal Botanic Gardens of Kew—now so liberally thrown open every day, by the Crown, to the public—cannot fail to have observed, in the "Cactus House," a most extraordinary specimen of the Cactus tribe, sent from San Luis Potosi, Mexico, by F. Staines, Esq., as a present to the Royal Gardens. So remarkable was the plant, that an account and figures of it appeared in the public journals, and the attention of the curious has been much directed to it. It was called the *Monster Cactus*. Its weight was 713 lbs.; and it bore the name, suggested by the use to which the Mexicans apply the spines of *Cactus* (or *Echinocactus*), of *Visnager*. (*Visnager* meaning a toothpick.)

Gratified by the reception given to this *Visnager* by the British public, Mr. Staines resolved to transmit a specimen of the same kind still more worthy a place in the Royal Gardens; and, in the summer of 1846, he actually (together with many other fine species) sent the one represented in the accompanying figure, and which is treble the size, and treble the weight of the former "*Monster Cactus*." Its height is 9 feet; its circumference 9½ feet; and its weight one ton!

The possession of so gigantic a specimen in England is rendered still more remarkable, if we consider the length of journey required from San Luis Potosi to Vera Cruz, via the city of Mexico. Eight mules were employed to draw it, in a waggon of the country, over the more level ground. In ten days after leaving Mexico, a messenger was dispatched to San Luis Potosi, to say that the waggon had broken down, and that the mules were, besides, quite incapable of ascending the hills with such a load.

"Instantly," writes Mr. Staines, "I sent off more assistance. But to give you an idea of the size, the *Visnager*, in my presence, could not be moved by the exertions of fifteen men. It required twenty persons to replace it on the waggon, and this was only effected by sliding it upwards on several thick poles, which bent considerably under this heavy weight. Thirty-six enormous palm mats were necessary to protect it, and these well roped."

On its arrival, it appeared in the most perfect condition, and threw out flowers in a few weeks, from the crown, or top of the plant; but, in the present instance, these efforts, like the reputed song of the swan, were only indicative of its dying state. It had received bruises on the journey or voyage; the decay gradually extended; and, though its bulk and form may for a time remain, it can no longer be numbered among the living plants of the Royal Gardens.

We are sure it will be acceptable to our readers to see the representation of so extraordinary a vegetable production. The Garden still boasts of the former, or original "*Monster Cactus*," in high health and vigour, and which is reported to possess an antiquity of one thousand years.

Royal Gardens, Kew, Tuesday,  
Oct. 13, 1846.

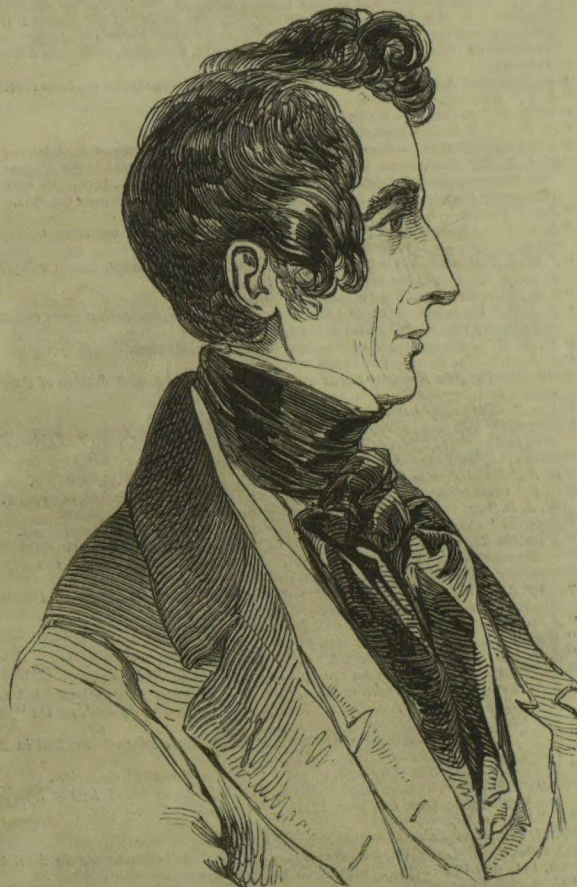


"MONSTER CACTUS," AT THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS, KEW.

## HENRY LYTTON BULWER,

MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY AT THE COURT OF MADRID.

HENRY LYTTON BULWER, Esq., the British Minister at Madrid, is a member of one of the oldest families in the kingdom, which has been distinguished in a remarkable degree by the talent of its present generation. The Lyttons of Knebworth Park, Hertfordshire, trace an ancestry up to the first Kings of Wales, and through the Tudors are allied to royalty: the Bulwers of Heydon Hall, Norfolk, have been established there from the Conquest. The late General Bulwer married the heiress of the Lyttons; his three children were William Earle, who succeeded to the Bulwer property; Henry Lytton, the diplomatist; and Edward Lytton, the author of "*Pelham*," who, on the death of his mother, took her family name of Lytton in addition to his own, inherited her estate, and is now Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer Lytton, a landed gentleman, writing no more novels, but, instead, making speeches at agricultural meetings; and, if the agriculture of Hertfordshire gains by the change as much as literature has lost, the alteration in the honourable Baronet's fortunes will be much to its advantage. It is not many families that have two eldest sons; but it chanced to Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer to be born into one that had, and of three brothers he alone engaged in professional and official life; as a diplomatist he has been very successful, having held a distinguished position under a Govern-



MR. HENRY-LYTTON-EARLE BULWER, MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY AT MADRID.

ment of different politics to that by which he was appointed. He has also won considerable distinction as a writer, from his "*France, Social, Literary, and Political*," and the "*Monarchy of the Middle Classes*;" the former work was for a time very popular, and may be still read with profit by those who wish to learn what France is under the new Dynasty. Society is sketched with a cleverness and spirit not unworthy of "*Paul Clifford*" or "*The Disowned*." Mr. Bulwer sat for some time in Parliament for the Borough of Marylebone; but, on receiving a diplomatic appointment, he gave up politics, and proved himself as zealous and able in the service of the Foreign Office under Lord Aberdeen as when it was under Lord Palmerston, who appointed him. He has served, as Secretary, the Embassies of Constantinople, Brussels, and Paris; he is now Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid; and, during the agitation of the Royal Marriages, must have been in an embarrassing and difficult position. Personally, he is a



great favourite with the Royal Family, and, at the balls at the Palace, was frequently honoured with her Majesty's hand for the dance. He did not then anticipate, perhaps, that the selection of a Royal partner for a longer engagement would hereafter give him so much trouble. He seems to have done all that he could possibly effect under the circumstances. advised and warned, as long as advice or warning could avail; and finally wound up with a "protest" that England will not admit any claim on the part of the children of the Infanta to sit on the throne of Spain—a contingency at present rather remote.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, Oct. 18.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.—St. Luke the Evangelist.  
MONDAY, 19.—Dean Swift died, 1745.—Henry Kirke White died, 1816.  
TUESDAY, 20.—Battle of Navarino, 1827.  
WEDNESDAY, 21.—Battle of Trafalgar, 1805: Nelson killed.  
THURSDAY, 22.—Irish Massacre, 1641: 40,000 killed.  
FRIDAY, 23.—Royal Exchange founded, 1667.  
SATURDAY, 24.—Mercury sets at 5h. 5m. p.m., near W.S.W.

HIGH WATER at London-bridge, for the week ending October 24.

Monday.		Tuesday.		Wednesday.		Thursday.		Friday.		Saturday.	
M.	A.	M.	A.	M.	A.	M.	A.	M.	A.	M.	A.
1	20	1	37	1	53	2	8	2	26	2	44
h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
1	20	1	37	1	53	2	8	2	26	2	44

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"G. T. N." Liverpool, is thanked: we shall see.  
"An Agent," Slough.—We cannot give any opinion as to the validity of Benefit Societies.  
"J. N." New Road.—"Corner's History of France, 'or Schools." "Bourne's Principles and Practice of Engineering," 15s.  
"G. M. H."—We do not know the origin of the nomenclature of "Bubble and Squeak."  
"Omega," Carlisle.—A letter addressed to the Colonial Office will, doubtless, reach Sir H. Pottinger.  
"T. G." Exeter.—"Bainbridge's Fly-fisher's Guide," (Longmans), is a good work.  
"A Yearly Patron."—Grayson's Drawing Academy, 1, Banner-street, St. Luke's.  
"F. S. H." Cheltenham.—"Ibbotson's Handbook of Turning," a capital work.  
"Harrold S."—Charles Taylor's Treatise on Drawing.  
"T. E. E."—The Guide, &c., 2s.; "Pope's Customs and Excise Laws," 30s. The Engraving suggested will shortly appear.  
"A Tipperary Subscriber."—In Spanish, the S is pronounced at the end of the word "Bias."  
"An Old Subscriber" (Charles I. farthings) should write to Mr. Webster, 17, Great Russell-street, Covent-garden.  
"Quereux." The plural is preferable, "Government" being a noun of multitude.  
"A. Z." Banff.—We cannot assist our Correspondent.  
"J. C."—Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare, 8 vols., seven guineas, if commentary and illustration be the objects.  
"Opie Stille."—The project of Lighting the Thames below bridge was first named in our Journal, three weeks since.  
"A Subscriber."—Sir John Key served the office of Lord Mayor two successive years—1830 and 1831.  
"Timon."—B. must pay the organist's salary for the whole period of the performance of the duties.  
"E. A." Kennington.—We cannot answer as to the intentions of the West London Railway Company.  
"J. F." Torrington.—We do not understand the question: to what class of shares does it refer?  
"A Constant Reader." Birmingham, will find an admirable portrait of Mr. Macready in No. 60 of our Journal.  
"An Old Subscriber." Hungerford.—There are considerably more than thirty newspapers published in London.  
"Major." New Newcastle.—"Gilbert's Sketches of the Experimental Squadron" are published at 15s. (Ackermann and Co.) "Inglist's Channel Islands" are published by Whittaker at 5s.  
"A Constant Reader." Torquay.—Rubini sung last at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1842.  
"M. Wilson."—The works of Auber and Onslow are published in Paris, but any Music Publisher would procure them on application. The English adaptations of the former Composer's operas are not to be trusted.  
"D. W."—As we are not in communication with the Carlist Committee of London and Paris, we cannot give their address.  
"W. T. H."—The Stock receipt is worthless, as far as receiving the money is concerned. If the Stock stands in your name, you must apply to a Broker, who will sell the Stock, and identify you as the party authorised to transfer it. You can, however, receive the dividend by stating the amount of Stock upon which it is receivable.  
"A Subscriber."—A good Manifold Writer may be bought at Dixon's, 194, Strand, for 20s.  
"Pryse." Oxford, will find the main dimensions of the Great Wellington Statue in No. 231 of our Journal.  
"Henricus."—The third syllable in "Coadjutor" is long.  
"Ignoramus."—Still Life is a term in Painting, applied to Fruit, Flowers, Dead Game, and Fish.  
"An Old Subscriber." Plymouth.—A small and cheap Work on Gilding is published by Taylor, 1, Wellington-street, Strand.  
"A. B. C."—The latest Edition of our Journal is published on Sunday Morning. The letter should be addressed to the Convict Establishment, Hobart Town.  
"A Writer" should have prepaid his letter of inquiry as to the practice of other Journals, with which we have nothing to do.  
"Marathon" may obtain a List of the University College Fees of the Secretary.  
"J. B." Lynn, is thanked for the suggested Fire Escape, though we have not room for the details.  
"W. J." Birmingham.—The leading characteristics of the "Pictorial History of England" is, that it is a History of the People as well as of the Nation: it is, certainly, written in a much more candid spirit than Hume's History. Lord Brougham's "Eminent Statesmen" is republished, verbatim, in Knight's Weekly Volume.  
"An Occasional Reader."—A handsome remuneration is made for the contributions.  
"S. J." Windsor.—Farmers.  
"W. S. P." Brighton.—We have not room for the Lines.  
"H. F. R." Coleman-street, is thanked for his obliging offer.  
"A Constant Reader."—The "Abridgment of Bloxam's Glossary of Architecture."  
"S. A. Z. E." Cheltenham, is recommended to forward specimens to the Magazine. Our Correspondent informs us that the word Charpie (Fr. Lint), in cookery, means any kind of meat "done to rags." The phrase is Vlande en charpie.  
"Jul." Dundee.—We have not room for the translation.  
"B. D. J." Allahabad, is thanked for the Sketches, though we cannot engrave them.  
"J. W. C." Matlock, has made a wrong estimate of our resources, but he will please to accept our thanks for his good intentions.  
"J. A." Kensington.—The Lines are ineligible.  
"E. J. T." Umballah, is thanked for the Sporting article; but such a scene can only be faithfully represented by an artist being present.  
"W. M. G."—The tile found at Peckham is, probably, Roman.  
"R. B. B."—The pamphlet has been received.  
"Miles."—The New House of Lords will be opened with the next Session of Parliament.  
"Alice."—The proportions are correct.  
"Gertrude" will find the requisite information respecting the flour of Maize, in a work just published, entitled "The Indian Meal Book."  
"Beccles."—The Entomologist has not been knighted.  
"R. S." Edinburgh, is thanked for the hint.  
"P. P." (Land-Surveyor), should advertise. The Profession is much in request.  
"W. J. B." co. Donegal.—We do not undertake to decide wagers.  
"Poverias" should send a specimen of his composition to one of the periodicals.  
"A Dublin Reader."—The splendid Church lately erected at the expense of the Earl of Shrewsbury, is at Cheddar, Stafford. We shall, shortly, illustrate this superb structure, from drawings by our own artist.  
"Peter X. Y. F." Sunderland, may purchase a Portable Press of any Printers' Broker. Address Messrs. Harriid, City.  
"A Subscriber." Dublin.—Print and MS. received.  
"William H." Manchester.—"Mon pire" is right.  
"S. G. L." Jersey's hint is correct.  
"Antingham" may inscribe his name as he pleases, in the title-page.  
"A Subscriber," who has been so highly gratified by our "very well-executed and descriptive Sketches" of the Great Wellington Statue, will, probably, see the "further Illustration" next week.  
"K. C." will find Nasmith's Patent Steam Hammer engraved and described in No. 123 of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.  
"X. Y. Z." City.—The rider sent, appears to be some fanatical ebullition.  
"J. D." Chichester.—Cuvier died at Paris, in 1832: an excellent Life of him has been published by Mrs. Lee, price 12s.  
"K."—The lender.  
"J. H. W. J." is thanked; but we have not room.  
"A Subscriber." Leeds, will find accounts of the Great Britain steamer in Nos. 63, 65, 144, and 146 of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.  
"H. B. S." Liverpool.—The subject is interesting, but lacks novelty.  
"Inquisitor."—It is not lawful for a man to marry his deceased wife's sister.  
"J. W." Cork.—The Great Britain steam-ship first sailed for New York in July, 1845. (See No. 164 of our Journal, for details.)  
"O. S."—The price of "Bourne's Principles and Practice of Engineering" is 15s.  
"J. T." Newcastle, we think, may find a better "emigration field" than Valparaiso.  
"H. A. H." Carlisle.—Consult "Sir Howard Douglas on Naval Gunnery."  
"Poumth." Romney.—There is a translation of the Koran published, price 12s.  
"F." Liverpool, is recommended to apply to a Patent Agent, as Messrs. Robertson, Fleet-street. The Quadrature of the Circle is the finding some other right lined figure equal to the area of a circle, or a right line equal to its circumference. (See the article in the "Penny Cyclopædia.")  
"E. G. R. D." Manchester.—We will see; but the inquiry will involve some research.  
"Hymen."—The duty of a Special Marriage Licence is Five Guineas.  
"J. A." Birmingham.—The cause of the catastrophe will, doubtless, be fully investigated.  
"F. B." Valparaiso, is thanked.

"Glastoniensis" is thanked for his ingenious suggestion, though we cannot entertain it.  
"E. F. L." may, probably, hear of an Italian Greyhound at Herring's Menagerie, New-road.  
INELIGIBLE.—"Lines by R. W."

BOOKS RECEIVED.—Pictures of Country Life. By Thomas Miller.—The Boy's Summer Book. By Thomas Miller.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK FOR 1847

WILL BE READY FOR PUBLICATION  
WITH THE MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.  
198, Strand, Oct. 16.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1846.

THE event that has disturbed the repose of diplomatists and editors for the last two months is accomplished; the marriages of the Queen of Spain and her sister "over young to marry yet" have been celebrated. Forebodings of evil do not cease to be made; the entry of the French Prince into Madrid is described as having passed in silence and apathy; enthusiasm there was none, and any disposition to express a hostile feeling was repressed by the precautions of the police. It is said that the alliance is more unpopular in the provinces than in Madrid, and it is not improbable; the remote districts of Spain are the very citadels of prejudices, and the hatred of the people to the French has not died out since the last war. As to any danger to England from the alliance it is altogether a groundless fear; France and Spain have been even more closely connected when their Monarchs were all powerful, and when England was far weaker than she is now, and yet we baffled the attacks of both. Spain was once the mistress of a mighty Empire, the champion of legitimacy and the propagandist of Catholicism throughout the world; France was Catholic and absolute, and both were jealous of the rising power of England, of her sturdy and successful resistance to Royal despotism, and religious oppression, and were ready to unite to crush the insolent islanders who had beheaded one King and exiled another. Then a war to prevent the junction of the two greatest European crowns in one family was a necessary struggle for existence. Our efforts were not wasted, for we had a vital interest in the issue.

If, against two such foes, England maintained her place as a power, increased her commerce, added to her empire, and grew in revenue and credit, we shall find the chances of damage are exceedingly remote now, even if the Royal Families of France and Spain do form a matrimonial alliance. That event will not reconquer for Spain her colonies, and give her wisdom to govern them: it will not re-establish her European supremacy, or recal the days of Alva: it will not rebuild her mighty fleets, give her another Armada, or repeople her vast naval arsenals, where all now is desolation and decay: it will not give her people industry and perseverance, or endow those who rule her with common sense enough to take what commerce she has out of the hands of smugglers: it will not give her that revenue or credit which alone, in modern times, make nations powerful in war: and, above all, it will not revive those old religious and political hatreds in the people which, in two centuries, have perished and been "quietly inured."

All these things have been changed, so utterly that the old Phillips and Charleses would not know the land they ruled; the Sovereign power is but the shadow of what it was; the wealth of the Church has been confiscated, and only the other day one of the highest dignitaries of that once all-powerful Hierarchy was heard pleading before the Cortes for support from the State, almost in *forma pauperis*. The greatness of Spain belongs to the past, and it is not by Royal Marriages that it can be revived.

To "refuse to owe" is a great improvement in case of financial difficulty, on the older plan of "refusing to pay;" the former is the more approved practice across the Atlantic; Mexico seems inclined to adopt it; the holders of its bonds are placed at present in a great difficulty; Mexico itself is almost in a state of anarchy; perpetual changes of Government take place, but none can rule; the country, richer by nature than any in the world, is, from mismanagement and corruption, bankrupt; and, to add to the confusion, there is an enemy on its frontiers, pouring down with the energy of the northern race, and overspreading province after province, without awaking the spirit of resistance. Indeed, it is hardly to be expected; five-sixths of the population of Mexico are of Indian blood; the policy of their rulers has kept them poor, and made them ignorant; they add nothing to the strength of the nation in such a juncture. There is also a mixed race; but, between them and the Colonists of pure Spanish descent there is a jealousy and hatred that prevent them from uniting in any common effort. The exact tenor of the despatches last received, said to come from the Provisional Government that existed between the retirement of Paredes and the return of Santa Anna, has not yet been made known, but it is reported to be akin to "repudiation." In the restoration of Santa Anna there may yet be a gleam of hope; we really believe the Mexican Government is rather unable than unwilling to keep faith with its creditors. But the loss to those concerned is, in either case, the same, and there is, unhappily, no remedy. Experience of the value of foreign loans has been purchased by the English public very dearly.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

THE BANKRUPTCY OF MESSRS. C. AND A. KNIGHT.—In the Court of BANKRUPTCY, on Tuesday, a decision was given in the case of the Messrs. Knight. The bankrupts, Charles and Alfred Knight, carried on the business of wholesale stationers in Budge-row. The debts and liabilities amount to about £19,000. The dividend will be considerable. The following are the most remarkable items in the balance sheet. Capital, £482; debts, £8846; liabilities, £11,187; doubtful debts, £3254; profits, £9534; interest, £1843. The fiat was dated May, 1846. Mr. Duncan, on behalf of the bankrupts, applied for their certificates, stating that the assignees offered no opposition. His Honour granted them their certificates.

THE BANKRUPTCY OF D. MACLEAN, ESQ., M.P.—Mr. Commissioner Evans, on Wednesday, on the application of Mr. Lawrance, granted Donald McLean, M.P., further time to surrender to the Court, under his bankruptcy, on account of ill-health. Mr. McLean is at Lucca, whence his removal, it is considered, would be dangerous in his present situation.

THE REVENUE.—In our latest Impression last week, we stated that the Revenue accounts for the quarter ending Oct. 10, so far as the results could be ascertained, were very satisfactory. This anticipation was borne out by the result. There appears to have been an increase on the quarter, compared with the corresponding quarter of 1845, of £539,064, and upon the year, one of £88,264. The items of increase stand thus:—Customs, £462,472; Excise, £226,820; Taxes, £8661; Property-Tax, £148,245; Post-office, £8000; Crown Lands, £15,000; Imprest and other monies, £9224; Total, £878,422. There are but two departments of the national resources which exhibit a decrease—Stamps show a diminution of £5811 upon the quarter's calculation; but there is an increase from them upon the year of £21,759 over the receipts of 1845. Again, there is a diminution of the quarter's receipts from "Miscellaneous" sources, which amounts to £59,548, but there is an increase in the Revenue derived through this channel during the year, which amounts to £428,558.

THE "GREAT BRITAIN" STEAMER.—From the latest accounts received, it appears that all chance of getting the Great Britain off is nearly at an end. It is supposed she must at least wait for the high tides of the spring. A protecting breast-work is to be constructed round her. It is stated that she has been insured in London for about £20,000. An insurance has also, it seems, been effected at Glasgow, but to what extent we do not know. It is, however, believed that the whole insurances fall far short of her cost—that is, above £120,000; and beyond this, we hear that the underwriters refuse to pay, on the ground that the vessel was lost through negligence. Her condition is described as bad, no less than 14 feet of water in the hold.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE CABINET.—Lord John Russell has issued cards of invitation to all the members of the Administration to attend a Cabinet dinner at his residence in Chesham-place, on Tuesday, the 27th instant. The noble Lord arrived in town yesterday morning, from Wimbeldon, and transacted business in Downing-street. THE NEW GOVERNOR OF THE CAPE.—Sir Henry Pottinger, C.B., the newly-appointed Governor-General of the Cape of Good Hope, as successor to Sir Peregrine Maitland, takes his departure immediately for that destination, in her Majesty's steam-ship *Sidon*, Captain Henderson, now lying off Woolwich Dockyard. MR. HUDSON, M.P.—The freedom of the city of York was presented to G. Hudson, Esq., M.P., on Monday last. This compliment was paid at the usual Michaelmas Court of the ancient Company of Merchant Adventurers of York, held at their Hall, in Foss-gate. The silver box, containing a copy of the oath of admission, was very massive, and richly chased. It was of a very large size, and on the lid was the inscription—"This box was presented by the Ancient Merchant Adventurers of the City of York, together with the freedom of their Company, to Geo. Hudson, Esq., M.P., as a mark of approval of his public conduct, and of great respect for his private character." After a complimentary address from the Chairman, Mr. Hudson expressed his grateful thanks for the honour conferred upon him.

THE "GREAT BRITAIN" STEAMER.—According to a letter received yesterday respecting this unfortunate vessel, a strong south wind has shifted her bows from north-east to direct west, in which posture she now lies, hard and fast, in about ten feet sand, with a basement of hard rock. If she should move further to the north-west, she will shift on a ridge of rocks. All the coals have been sold, but the ship's stores remain on board. The Customs have sealed up all the excisable articles, not leaving even a glass of wine for the use of the Captain, his crew, or visitors.

MURDER IN CORNWALL.—A brutal murder has been committed on a man named Samuel Hockin, a cooper, at St. Mabyn, in Cornwall. He was found on Saturday morning last lying in the road near St. Mabyn, and on being lifted up breathed once and immediately expired. Upon being examined, it was discovered that he had been struck on the back part of the head by a heavy instrument, which had broken the skull so that the brain protruded. Suspicion fell upon a woman named Ann Trevorton, with whom the deceased had lived, and she has been taken into custody. A large stone had been discovered near where the deceased was found. An inquest was held on the body, which was adjourned.

OPENING THE PORTS.—The citizens of Sunderland have followed the example of Manchester, and addressed a memorial to the Lords of her Majesty's Privy Council, in which they dwell upon the misery and destitution of Ireland, and the rapid advance which is taking place in the price of wheat as well as in every other article of food. They suggest, as the only remedy suitable in such a crisis, that an Order in Council may issue, permitting the importation of grain duty free. Similar meetings to those at Manchester and Sunderland are to be held without delay in different parts of the United Kingdom.

ANOTHER DETECTION OF ROBBERY BY THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—On Thursday evening, another instance occurred of the extraordinary working of the above important invention. A lady, name unknown, left Derby, taking with her £400, and in care of a gentleman. The telegraph was set to work, and the intelligence having been sent to Birmingham, Mr. Stephens, inspector of police, received information of her arrival, and she is now quite safe with her lover and the money in custody.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

SPAIN.—We have accounts from Madrid of the 9th instant. The person suspected of a design to take the life of the Duke de Montpensier has been declared a maniac. The *Gazette* publishes a Royal decree, levying 25,000 recruits. Mr. Cobden has arrived at Madrid. M. Dumas, the wholesale novelist, has also arrived in that city. The British Minister has returned from Aranjuez. According to the accounts which are current in Paris, the cause of Count de Montemolin is hopeless in Spain. Cabrera had failed to penetrate into the country; and though his attempts were to be renewed, he was not confident of success unless aided by pecuniary means from some of the European powers. He is said to have received, during his stay in England, £500 from the Legitimists in France. There were rumours in Corunna, on the 4th, of a threatened movement from Portugal. All the forces disposable had moved from Galicia towards the frontier.

SWITZERLAND.—We have received the *Journal de Geneve* of the 12th. The only fact of interest in it is the announcement that the most perfect tranquillity prevails in the town of Geneva, and in the Canton. Though tranquillity prevailed, and business had been resumed, many families had left the city, apprehending fresh disturbances. The Provisional Government was completely organised, and the members of which it is composed had divided among themselves the different offices of the Administration.

RUSSIA.—Letters from St. Petersburg to the 5th instant state that the potato disease, prevailing generally through Europe, has extended itself to Russia, though in a small degree only. It has manifested itself partially in Esthonia, but nowhere else, that could be discovered.

THE COURT AND HAUT TON.

THE COURT AT WINDSOR.

Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court, and the domestic household, attended divine service on Sunday morning in the private chapel of the Castle. The Hon. and Rev. C. Leslie Courtenay officiated.

During the week her Majesty and Prince Albert have taken their early morning walks, and also carriage drives, when the weather permitted.

WINDSOR, Thursday Evening.—(From our Own Correspondent.)—Her Majesty and the Princess Caroline of Hesse attended Divine service this morning between nine and ten o'clock, in St. George's Chapel. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, accompanied by the Princess of Hesse, afterwards took an airing in an open carriage and four this afternoon, proceeding through Old Windsor, and returning to the Castle by the Great Park and the Long Walk. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, her Royal Highness the Princess of Hesse, their Royal Highnesses the Hereditary Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz, and his Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, were included in the dinner-party this evening.

PROPOSED VISITS OF HER MAJESTY AND PRINCE ALBERT.

The arrangements are now completed for the proposed visits of the Queen and his Royal Highness Prince Albert to her Majesty Queen Adelaide, at Cashibury Park, near Watford; and also to Hatfield House, the magnificent seat of the Marquis of Salisbury.

Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, attended by a limited retinue, including the Lord and Lady in Waiting, and Equerries in Waiting, will leave Windsor Castle on Monday, shortly after luncheon, for Cashibury Park.

The Queen Dowager has invited a select circle to meet her Majesty; but, from the confined accommodation at the mansion at Cashibury, the Royal circle will not exceed thirty visitors.

The Queen and Prince Albert are to remain the guests of the Queen Dowager until Thursday, the 22nd inst., when her Majesty and the Royal Prince depart for Hatfield House, Herts.

The Marquis of Salisbury arrived on Tuesday at Hatfield House, from his estate at the Isle of Rum, Inverness-shire, for the express purpose of superintending all the preparations for the Queen's reception at that splendid seat of his ancestors.

The Duke of Wellington, the Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter, Viscount and Viscountess Mahon, and a distinguished party, have been invited to meet her Majesty and the Prince Consort, by the noble Marquis.

A grand Ball is to be given by his Lordship, to which the leading nobility and gentry of the county will be invited, to have the honour to meet the Queen.

It is rumoured that the Queen Dowager will also come from Cashibury with her Majesty and Prince Albert.

The Queen and Prince Albert intend to stay at Hatfield House till Saturday, the 24th instant, and, on leaving, will return to Windsor Castle.

The contemplated visit of her Majesty and Prince Albert to the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, at Arundel Castle, will take place the week after next.

It is expected that the Queen will the same week arrive at the Pavilion at Brighton, to make a brief sojourn there, but nothing is positively settled to justify us in asserting it to be the case.

THE QUEEN DOWAGER.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Princess of Hesse, and attended by her Lady in Waiting, arrived at Windsor Castle on Monday afternoon, on a visit to the Queen, from Cashibury Park, Herts.

VISITORS TO SIR ROBERT PEEL AT TAMWORTH.—Among the guests on a visit to Sir Robert and Lady Peel, at Drayton Manor, are the following:—Sir James and Lady Graham, the Earl Talbot, Samuel Rogers, Esq., H. W. Pickersgill, Esq., R. A., C. L. Eastlake, Esq., R. A., Professor Owen, Baron Stockmaier, and Colonel Bowles.

FASHIONABLES AT HOWICK HALL.—The Earl and Countess Grey are entertaining a succession of visitors at Howick Hall, Northumberland. The Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, and Lady Alice Egerton, arrived at Howick Hall on Monday last, from Worsley Hall, Lancashire.

APPROACHING MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—The marriage of Lady Charlotte Herbert, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Powis, and Mr. H. Montgomery, of Grey Abbey, county Antrim, is to be solemnized on Tuesday next.

WILL OF THE LATE SIR GEORGE MURRAY, K.C.B., G.C.B., K.C.H., P.C.—The will of the late Right Hon. Sir George Murray was proved in London on the 9th instant, by his executors, Sir William George Hynton Jolliffe, Bart., of Mersham, Surrey; George William Hope, Esq., Curzon-street, Mayfair; and William Smythe, advocate, Edinburgh. The will was executed on the 5th of January last, together with a deed of settlement of the same date, in favour of his daughter and only child, wife of Lieutenant Henry George Boyce, of her Majesty's 2nd Life Guards, by which the deceased has settled upon her various sums, in the whole exceeding £26,000, besides the house in Belgrave-square; and further, by his will, he leaves her the furniture, pictures, prints, &c., as also the residue of his estate; to enjoy a life interest over the whole of the said property, money, and effects, and, at her decease, to descend to her children; but if no children or child should attain a vested interest therein, then in trust for the children that may be living of the late Hon. Sir Patrick Murray, Bart. There are pecuniary bequests to his sister and aunt, and to his son-in-law, Lieut. H. G. Boyce, and legacies to his servants. He directs that all his papers, manuscripts, letters, and correspondence, official, confidential, and private, as it may be found necessary to preserve, may be selected by his executors, and thenceforth kept by the person entitled to the income arising from his estate so settled by him.



## ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

**DEATH FROM RAT POISON.**—An inquest was held on Monday by Mr. Mills, at the Rutland Arms, Rutland-street, Hampstead-road, respecting the death of Mr. Charles Tatham, aged 41 years, recently resident at No. 52, Stanhope-street. The deceased was an army accoutrements maker, and for some time past had been in a low and desponding state. He was also subject to delusions. On Thursday he purchased at the shop of Mr. Starkie, chemist, of No. 4, Strand, a grey powder called "Butler's Vermin and Insect Killer." On his return home he was taken ill, and admitted that he had taken poison; he died in two hours. A *post mortem* examination fully proved that the deceased died from the effects of arsenic, and, from an analysis of the powders, the surgeon discovered that one of them contained sufficient poison to kill six men.—Verdict: "Temporary Insanity." The Jury then added "they strongly condemned the sale of poisons in open shops, without the best precautions being adopted to prevent the frequent evil consequences of such sale. They regard the present instance as one which calls for severe reprobation; and trust that a public exposure of the fact will tend to prevent in some degree the mischief which they believe is frequently occurring from the sale of poisons in druggists' houses."

**ANOTHER DETECTION OF ROBBERY BY THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.**—Another instance of the utility of the electric telegraph in detecting crime was afforded on Saturday last at Rugby. The following telegraphic despatch was received at the Rugby station from Derby at eight o'clock on Saturday morning:—"Thomas Trotter, from Derby, states that he has been robbed by a man that slept in the same room with him at Derby last night of a silver watch (described), and £3 19s. in gold and silver." (Here follows a description of the party suspected, but as he, as well as the property missing, is in the hands of the police, it is unnecessary to give it.) The despatch goes on to state that "the person who committed the theft is supposed to have gone towards London." In consequence of this communication, Inspector Faulkner, in the employ of the London and North Western Railway Company examined the persons of the passengers who arrived by the next train (eleven A.M.) from Derby, when, from the description forwarded, he took the prisoner into custody on suspicion of having committed the robbery; and upon searching him, he found a watch, answering the description, and also a sum of money, exactly tallying with the amount stolen, *minus* the railway fare from Derby. Upon asking the prisoner his name, he said it was William Gilbert, but upon being taken before Mr. J. W. B. Leigh, Mr. H. S. Gibb, Mr. C. M. Caldecott, and Captain Leake, he gave the name of William Elinton, and said that he came from Newcastle-on-Tyne. He had for some time been employed on the Midland Railway as a stoker. Mr. Trotter appeared about five o'clock in the afternoon, and identified the watch, &c., upon which the prisoner was transferred to the custody of one of the Inspectors of the Midland Railway police, the robbery having been committed at Derby. On Monday evening, he was taken before the magistrates at Derby, when the prosecutor again identified the property; whereupon the prisoner was committed to take his trial for the robbery. The Quarter Sessions being held the same day, before Mr. J. Bagny, the Recorder, a bill was preferred before the Grand Jury, who returned a "true bill." The prisoner was then put upon his trial and convicted, when he was sentenced to six months' hard labour. The learned Recorder, in passing sentence, made some excellent remarks upon the efficiency of the electric telegraphs in detecting offenders, and trusted that they would be universally adopted on railways.

**SUDDEN DEATH.**—On Monday afternoon Mr. John Vinall, many years master bricklayer of Chatham Dockyard, but who for some years past had resided with his son at Sutton, near Maidstone, had been to Chatham to see some of his family, and on his return rode as far as Maidstone, intending to walk from thence to Sutton, and while on the road fell down and instantly expired. The deceased was in the 85th year of his age, and apparently in good health.

**INCENDIARY EXPLOSION AT THE CASTLE MILLS, SHEFFIELD.**—Another of those diabolical attempts at the destruction of property by explosive substances, for which the town of Sheffield has obtained a somewhat unenviable notoriety, was made on Saturday evening last. The facts are these:—The Castle Mills, situate on the bank of the Don, were erected, about seven or eight years ago, by Messrs. Marshall, Brothers, for a grinding wheel, at an expense of from £15,000 to £20,000; and had become a principal resort for parties who choose to carry on their business unconnected with the "Unions," into which the vast majority of the workmen of Sheffield have enrolled themselves. On Saturday evening last, the works were stopped about twenty minutes before seven o'clock, soon after which time the premises were entirely cleared, and a watchman took charge of the building for the night. No circumstances of a suspicious nature were observed; but, about half-past seven o'clock, a most terrific explosion shook the building to its very centre. Mr. Marshall, jun., being near the spot, went to the premises, and, on examination, discovered that the cylinder belonging to one of the steam engines had been blown to atoms by gunpowder, and the shattered fragments were strewn in all directions, in addition to which the massive beam was broken into three pieces. The top of the steam chest was blown off, the piston considerably bent, and nearly every portion of the engine more or less injured. Upon further examination, it was found that the watchman, William Ibbotson, who ought to have been in the most central part of the building, was in a remote quarter, where no danger from an explosion of the engine could harm him. His conduct in other respects exciting suspicion, he was given into custody. On Monday morning, he was taken before the manager, and, after a short examination, was remanded. The injury done to the engine and premises is estimated at not less than from £1000 and £1200.

**LAMENTABLE GUN ACCIDENT.**—Mr. Joseph Barnard, a highly-respectable farmer, at Great Burstead, Essex, met his death on Thursday evening (last week), under the following melancholy circumstances:—Mr. S. Baker, veterinary surgeon, of Chelmsford, had been shooting with Mr. Barnard, and was at that gentleman's door in his chaise about to leave, when Mr. Barnard attempted to shift Mr. Baker's gun, which had been incautiously left charged with the cap on, and put through the straps upon the dashing board. The hammer was consequently raised by the effort, and the charge exploding with the muzzle towards Mr. Barnard, it was lodged in his side, and he survived the occurrence little more than an hour. He was about forty years of age, and has left a widow and two children. An inquest has since been held, when the Jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

**DREADFUL EXPLOSION AND LOSS OF LIFE NEAR NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.**—A dreadful explosion occurred on Monday night at the extensive iron works of Messrs. Lock, Wilson, and Bell, situate on the river Tyne, at Walker, about three miles below Newcastle. Three persons were killed, one by the force of the explosion, and the other two by inhaling the impure air before the explosion took place; and several others have been seriously injured. The Walker iron-works are the most extensive in the district, and give employment to upwards of a thousand men. The accident appears to have arisen from an accumulation of foul air in the reservoir, and the pipes designed to regulate the blast. On examination, one branch pipe that had been plugged was found with the plug out, and the blast escaping from the orifice. In the course of the efforts of the workmen to remedy the evil, an explosion took place, by which some damage was done to property, in addition to the afflicting loss of life and personal injuries above stated. An inquest on the unfortunate sufferers was opened on Tuesday afternoon, but the evidence did not supply any fact of importance in addition to the above statement, and the inquiry was adjourned.

**SUDDEN DEATH WHILE AT DINNER.**—On Wednesday morning an inquest was taken before Mr. Baker, at the White Hart, Old Ford, on the body of Archibald Richardson, aged 79, a British wine dealer, residing at Woodland Cottage, Old Ford. The deceased frequently complained of pains internally, but was able to perform his duties. On Monday last he appeared in excellent spirits, and sat down to dinner with his family. After partaking of some boiled beef, he suddenly exclaimed, "I am gone," and fell back and expired. Mr. Baker, a surgeon, attended him, and was of opinion that he died from a diseased heart. A verdict was returned accordingly.

**FATAL FETTER AFFECTION.**—On Monday evening Mr. Mills held an inquest at the Six Bells, Queen-street, Hammersmith, on the body of Eliza Rogers, aged 47. It appeared that the deceased, a person of very feeble health, had lost her father some time since, and was in the habit of visiting his grave, in Hammersmith Church, at all hours and seasons. On Friday morning (last week) she was found lying near her father's grave, and almost lifeless. Though she received prompt medical assistance, she expired in the course of the day. It was proved that on the previous night, which was a very tempestuous one, she stole from her bed, and, scarcely clad, visited the churchyard. Mr. Roy, a surgeon, was of opinion that she died from exhaustion, the result of exposure to the night air. Verdict accordingly.

**FATAL COLLISION ON THE RIVER.**—On Tuesday afternoon, a coal barge called the *Gertrude* was proceeding down the river, a little below London-bridge, when she ran foul of a sailing barge, very heavily loaded with sand, and known as the *Opponent*. The jerk pitched the steersman of the former into the water; and, although every possible exertion was made both by his mates and the captain of the *Princess* steamer, he floated away with the tide and disappeared.

**FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.**—At nine o'clock Friday night (last week) a fire of a most distressing character broke out upon the premises in the occupation of Mr. John Sharpe, printer and bookseller, No. 81, Kent-street, St. George's, Southwark. It appears that Mr. Sharpe has lately been manufacturing fireworks, and it is supposed that the explosion of some of the combustible matter caused the terrible disaster. Mr. Sharpe, who had been out, on his return forced his way through the smoke, and in the back parlour he found two of his children almost suffocated. After considerable trouble, he succeeded in getting them out, but not before one was much injured. One of the firemen discovered behind the counter what he at first thought was a "dummy," but upon taking a light in it, was ascertained to be a human body. It was removed to the back parlour, and a medical gentleman sent for, but life was extinct. The countenance of the poor creature was dreadfully contorted, and it was evident that she had died from the effects of an explosion. She was the eldest daughter of the proprietor; her name was Ellen Sharpe, aged nineteen. It appears that when her father went out, she was sitting behind the counter, attending to the shop. The whole of the stock in trade was consumed; by which means, besides losing his child, Mr. Sharpe has been bereft of all his property, as he was not insured.

**DEATH OF MR. GILLON, OF WALLHOUSE.**—We are sorry to state that Mr. Gillon, late representative of the Stirling Burghs, died at his residence in Stirling-shire, on Wednesday (last week). The disease which has cut him off in rather an early career was typhus fever.

**DEATH OF VISCOUNT ALLEN.**—We have to announce the demise of the above Nobleman, who expired on the 21st ult., at Gibraltar, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. The deceased was the sixth Viscount, and, having died without issue, we believe the title is extinct. His Lordship's only surviving sister is married to the Hon. and Rev. W. Herbert, Dean of Manchester, and Rector of Spofforth, in Yorkshire.

## EPITOME OF NEWS.—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

A telegraphic dispatch from Marseilles announces the appointment of Reschid Pacha as Grand Vizier at Constantinople, and Ali Effendi as his successor as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The *Memorial of Pau*, of the 4th, states that the higher mountains of the Pyrenees, in that district, were already covered with snow.

A new set of fanatics, under the title of "Second Advent Christians," commenced preaching last Sunday at the late City Theatre, in Milton-street, and a small chapel in the neighbourhood of Finsbury, their principles being "the end of the world, the second coming of Christ, the first Resurrection, and the Judgment, in or about 1847."

The opening of the Havre and Rouen Railway for the transport of merchandise is announced for the beginning of November.

On Friday (last week), a soldier named Alexander Duncan, died in Aberdeen, at the great age of 111 years. He was a native of the parish of Cairney. He enlisted in the army in 1777, and was discharged in 1803, returning to his original craft of a shoe-maker, and drawing his pension for 43 years. Although his appearance bespoke the frailties of extreme age, yet he was able to step about until within a few months of his death.

Yesterday week the foundation stone of the new railway station in connection with the Huddersfield and Manchester line, was laid with great festivity, the Earl Fitzwilliam officiating as the chief guest at the ceremony.

Mr. Mackenzie, of Seaforth, has purchased the estate of Ruddery, N.B., for £39,000.

The Dutch papers state that on the 6th inst. the railway from the Hague to Delft was opened by a train which went to that place and back for the first time by way of trial, which was perfectly satisfactory.

Letters from Adrianople state that on the 12th of September a dreadful fire broke out in that city, which consumed upwards of 600 shops, 50 houses, besides caravansaries, baths, mosques, &c. This is the second conflagration that has taken place in that city in the space of a month.

Accounts from Athens to the 30th ult. allude to the usual run of murders, assassinations, robberies, and everything of that kind, which, under M. Coletti's administration, we are accustomed to hear of. The state of Western Greece is truly awful—brigands by land and pirates by sea. M. Coletti had been seriously ill, but he is said to be recovering.

It is rumoured that Lord Dalhousie will succeed Sir G. Arthur as Governor of Bombay. Mr. Charles Villiers is also mentioned for the appointment.

The Court of Common Pleas will exhibit some marked changes next term—a new Lord Chief Justice, a new puisne Judge, with a court open to the whole bar; the exclusive privileges of sergeants-at-law having been put an end to, after an existence of 600 years, by an act of the last session of Parliament.

The supply of grapes of home-growth has not, for many years past, been so great as in the present season, and so productive have they been that it was remarked by Dr. Lindley, at the meeting of the Horticultural Society last week, that, were every season as propitious, this might become a grape-growing country.

James Campbell, Esq., the Chief-Clerk to the Secretary of the General Post-office, has been promoted to the office of Assistant-Secretary, on the vacancy occasioned by the death of the late Thomas Lawrence, Esq.

Letters dated from the Rhine, Oct. 2, state that the divorce of the Crown Prince of Denmark and his Consort is already accomplished. The Princess of Mecklenburg Strelitz has resumed the title of Crown Princess, and every anapage. A new marriage will be immediately contracted, for it is still hoped, in this manner, to put an end to the dispute respecting the succession to the throne of Denmark, except at the last extremity.

The spinning factory of M. Damiens, at Rouen, has just been burned to the ground, with the exception of the building in which the Director lived. The fire broke out at nine at night, and lasted until three in the morning. Not less than 150 workmen are thus thrown out of employment. The property was insured.

The planet Saturn is now visible on clear nights, in the south-eastern quarter of the heavens, between ten and eleven o'clock.

The Sardinian Government has, it is said, entered into a negotiation with Spain for the restitution of the ashes of Christopher Columbus. The mortal remains of this great man, after having been first deposited at Seville, were removed to St. Domingo, where they remained until 1795, when they were taken to the cathedral church of the Havannah, where they are now. As the King of Sardinia has no Ambassador at Madrid, it was through the Representative of the Two Sicilies that the application was made to the Spanish Government.

A man of the name of Hequet, aged 30, son of a labourer, residing near Abbeville, who had for some time past exhibited marks of mental alienation, but had been left at liberty by his friends, although the medical man had strongly recommended them to have him locked up, on the night of the 4th got up, and proceeding to his father's bed stabbed him to the heart with a knife. The paricide is in custody.

We stated last week that the celebrated Greek General Kalergi, who so admirably conducted the movement at Athens, on the 15th of September, 1843, was on his way to London. The General has since arrived.

A letter from Rome states that there will be six lines of railroad in the Papal territory, viz.: Rome to the frontier of Naples, Rome to Civita Vecchia, Civita Vecchia to the frontier of Tuscany, Bologna to the frontier of Tuscany, Bologna to Ferrara, and Forlì to Ravenna.

We learn from Brussels that, on Saturday, the Ministers held a Council to discuss measures for providing employment for the poor during the winter, the high price of provisions rendering it imperative on the Government to come to the aid of the labouring population.

The last New York papers say that a romantic couple were married on the 2nd of September, by torch-light, on the summit of the Natural-bridge of Virginia. There were nine groomsmen, all bearing torches, and nine bridesmaids clad in white. The scene is described as highly picturesque.

A Berlin letter, of the 6th, informs us that Princess Louisa of Prussia, who has been for some time ill at Genoa, is now in great danger. Her complaint is aneurism of the heart.

A letter from Alexandria, of the 29th ult., says, "The Viceroy is in perfect health, and will leave for Cairo in a few days. Ibrahim Pacha is still at a village in Upper Egypt, where he is gone to set up the machinery he has had brought from Paris."

Lieutenant Porter, of the American Navy, brought from Chili, in 1824, a small green bulbous root, about the size of a marble, which he planted, and in two years it produced a fine blue nosed potato, and this bulb is indigenous to Chili. Lieutenant Porter says that he has no doubt that the potato has actually run out, and unless this Chili plant is propagated the potato will disappear. He recommends the cultivation of the yam, cassada, and tara, as substitutes, all of which can be easily and profitably cultivated.

The Scotch papers mention the serious illness of J. C. Colquhoun, Esq., M.P., and state that, though now pronounced out of immediate danger, he is still in a very precarious state. The attack appears to have been one of gastric fever, and of unusual severity. From the last accounts from Killermont, it is to be feared that his recovery must be a work of time.

John Ball, Esq., of Stephen's-green, Dublin, has been appointed an assistant Poor-law Commissioner to act in Ireland.

We learn from Naples that a Hanoverian Minister Plenipotentiary has arrived there to negotiate a commercial treaty.

According to the *Cologne Gazette*, several towns have followed the example of Naumburg, in refusing to elect a deputy for the Provincial Diet. It is expected that Langensalz, Weissenfels, and Zeitz, and even Magdeburg, will arrive at the same conclusion.

The mill operatives of the various manufacturing districts, after submitting to Mr. Charles Hindley, M.P., at Manchester, the present position of their trade, have determined to work short time, and at a meeting of delegates held last Sunday, a memorial on the subject to the employers was agreed upon.

A letter from Philadelphia dated Sept. 29, says:—"This afternoon a row of small brick dwellings in George-street, west of Schuylkill Sixth, were destroyed by fire. The buildings were 22 in number, each of which was inhabited by several poor families—at least 80 in all—who are mostly left shelterless and destitute. The loss altogether is about 15,000 dollars."

During the week ending the 11th inst., the number of persons passing between England and France, was—At Boulogne, 1575; at Calais, 567; total, 2142.

The trains of the Whitehaven Junction, between Workington and Harrington, destroy numbers of hares, which get upon the line from the adjoining preserves of Henry Curwen, Esq., thus enabling the gatekeepers to participate in the luxury of an occasional dish of hare soup.

A letter from Cadiz, of the 27th ult., states that the English fleet is still cruising between Cape St. Vincent and Trafalgar. This letter adds, that a very active correspondence is kept up between Mr. Bulwer and Admiral Parker, by means of a steamer, which bears to and from the squadron the messengers sent from Madrid. It is confidently affirmed in the same letter that the squadron is at the orders of Mr. Bulwer.

A letter from the Antilles states that the squadron stationed there, commanded by Admiral Laplace, is to proceed to the Havannah, where a rendezvous has been given for some of the vessels detached at Hayti. These forces, composed of the *Andromache* frigate, the *Blonde*, *Pylade*, and *Mercure*, corvettes, and the *Tonnerre*, steamer, are destined, it is said, for the Gulf of Mexico. The *Mercure* arrived at Cuba on Sept. 9.

Letters from Trieste announce that the harvest on the banks of the Danube and on the shores of the Black Sea has been excellent. "We have not," says the writer of one of these letters, "to join the rest of the world in deploring the scarcity of corn; for a letter of the 19th ult. from Galatz, states that 700 vessels have left the Bosphorus with a favourable wind from the south, bound for the ports of the Black Sea and the Danube. The quantity of corn in store is so great that a sufficient number of transports cannot be found, although they have everywhere been sought for."

It is in contemplation, we hear, that Government Schools of Design shall be established in Dublin and Belfast.

No less than three hundred informations were laid last week against the owners of tenements in Liverpool for cellars which were either defective as respects ventilation, or were of insufficient size for human dwellings.

## GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

SHELLEY told the Skylark, which he wrote an Ode to, that

Chorus hymeneal,  
Or triumphal chaunt,  
Matched with thine, would be all  
But an empty vaunt;

and, without calling in any Skylark to aid us, we may safely say that never was more hollowness of heart, and idle boasting exhibited, than in the Royal Nuptials that have just been celebrated at Madrid, and in the political manoeuvres that have produced and accompanied them. Queen Christina has succeeded in marrying off her two little girls, as the crafty King of the French prompted her; and England is supposed to have received

A heavy blow and deep discouragement,

because a child of fourteen will, in future, figure at Versailles as the Duchess de Montpensier, instead of being shut up in the Spanish nursery as the Infanta Luisa. France and Spain are already looked on as virtually blended, by this match, into one snug nest for the Gallic Cock; their fleets are to unite, and crush perfidious Albion, in some future war; and great is the chuckling of the Parisians over us baffled Britons, and over Lord Palmerston in particular. We suspect, however, that,

In spite of all their laughter,  
We still shall rule the seas;  
And France will find hereafter  
There still are Pyrenees.

The poor little child, who is thus sacrificed to imaginary political expediency, is most to be pitied; though, perhaps, anything that removes a person from such a focus of turbulence and trouble as Madrid, ought to be regarded as a benefit. We can fancy her, when told to lock up her toys and get ready to marry the nice new young French Prince that has come for her, addressing her Royal mother somewhat in the style of Tennyson's Queen of the May.

## THE INFANTA TO QUEEN CHRISTINA.

If you're waking, call me early, rather early, mother dear—  
And you're mostly wide awake, mother, if all is true we hear.  
To-morrow will be a merrier day than all the days beside;  
I'm to be the French Duke's bride, mother, I'm to be the French Duke's bride.

I've had full many dolls, mother, and toys both new and old;  
But they say that this is a real Prince, all dressed in lace and gold.  
All dressed in lace and gold, mother, on a long-tailed horse he'll ride—  
And I'm to be his bride, mother, I'm to be the French Duke's bride.

Sister Bell will be married too, mother; and won't the church be full?  
And now you'll let me go, mother, to see them bait the bull.  
I'll sit and see the bull-fight, mother, with my husband by my side—  
I'm to be the French Duke's bride, mother, I'm to be the French Duke's bride.

I'm to take a trip to Paris, mother, and see King Louis Philippe,  
Who's as sly as any fox, mother, though he seems as soft as a sheep.  
They'll give me *bon-bons* nice, mother; show me sights on every side—  
I'm to be the French Duke's bride, mother, I'm to be the French Duke's bride.

I need not fear the mountains, mother; we shall travel at our ease,  
For they say that, when we're married, there'll be no more Pyrenees.  
I shall come back here as Queen, mother, when sister shall have died—  
I'm to be the French Duke's bride, mother, I'm to be the French Duke's bride.

Leaving the contemplation of these "United States" of Royal and noble personages in Europe, we turn our attention to the United States of America, and find their political morality little better than that of the Old World. The war which the Yankees began with the Mexicans in a spirit of most shameful rapacity, they are now desirous to compound in a spirit of the most dirty huckstering.

Such, however, has generally been the characteristic of Yankee heroism. The burden of one of the most popular of their national songs in the last war, ran thus:—

Jump along Jonathan,  
Jig away, Jemima;  
War is come to Boston town,  
We'll get as rich as Lima;

and the sentiment of this exquisite lyric still guides their councils and arms. They are not troubling themselves with attacking St. Juan d'Ulloa, or any of the really strong parts of Mexico, but they are pouring a force, half-emigrant, half-military, into California, in order to secure the "annexation" of that valuable but ill-protected district. Indeed, they openly propose peace, on condition of their having California given up to them, and offer a few million dollars to boot, as a temptation to the leading Mexicans to make peace, and put something into their own pockets.

In furtherance of this policy, the American blockading squadron has most politely helped Santa Anna to return to Mexico, and resume the guidance of affairs there: an arrangement no doubt having been first made as to the terms on which he is to do President Polk's dirty work. He is issuing blustering proclamations, in which he talks of "gathering laurels on the Sabine river," which means, at least, reconquering Texas. All this rhodomontade is most likely a mere temporary pretext, and we shall soon hear, in the terms of a treaty of peace, how he serves his employers against his country. Some, however, think that he really means to show fight, and, out of roguery to the Yankees, to be honest to Mexico. We have little faith in him; nor is he worth having his name hitched into rhyme; but, as Horace gave an epistle to the renegade Menas, we will give a few

## STANZAS TO SANTA ANNA.

Santa Anna, Santa Anna, Lord of prairie and savannah, Chief from exile long returning, (As thou say'st) for glory burning, Tell us for what secret juggling Cam'st thou in by Yankee smuggling, Like a contraband Havannah, Worthy General Santa Anna?	"Gather laurels on the Sabine"— Go and hide thee in some cabin— Who, at St. Jacinto, ran a Shameful race, like Santa Anna?
Santa Anna, Santa Anna, Hang thee in thine own bandanna Rather than be curse-pursued, as Mexico's malignant Judas, For the dollars and the "Thank-ye's" Of these sharking, grasping Yankees. Let not bribes seem sweet as manna To thy fingers, Santa Anna.	

The strangest news, after all, that we have heard about anything on the other side of the Atlantic, is the rumour that some of the South American Republics are to be attacked by an invading European force; and that the European power which is to make this mad attempt at conquest is, above all others, poor distracted, bankrupt Spain. Nelson used to say that you ought to be prepared for any enterprise from a mad Government; and, therefore, as the Spanish Government decidedly is mad, we should not be surprised if the rumour proved true, and her General Flores actually set sail on his Quixotic enterprise against Ecuador. Certain it is that war-steamer are being prepared in the Thames for some such purpose, to the orders of Spanish agents; and, under the pretext of emigration, recruits have been raised in Ireland for the purpose of being led against Ecuador. Wretchedly off as the Irish unhappily are, this adventure must be too insane even for them; and the judicious interference of the Mayor of Limerick and other authorities will probably stop it in time:

Oh, Paddy, my jewel, though your lot is unaisy,  
And a mighty fine place this same Ecuador is,  
Don't go for to show yourself perfectly crazy,  
Or fight for such ninnies as General Flores.

**IMPROVED NEWSPAPER ENVELOPES.**—Messrs. Delarue and Co. have just registered a very simple and effective method of securing the safe transit of newspapers by post. It consists of a paper wrapper, made adhesive at one end, and provided with a tape, secured inside. The mode of using it is to place the newspaper, folded as usual, in the wrapper; join the adhesive end, and tie the tapes. Some of the envelopes are, by a patented process, saturated with India-rubber, for the more secure transmission of newspapers to foreign countries. The envelopes are sold at a very cheap rate.

**LOSS OF THE BRIG "CLIFTON."**—With six of her crew.—Mr. Robert Moorhead, master of the *Clifton*, of Newcastle, of 263 tons, arrived at Penarth Roads on Thursday (last week) in the barque *Secret*, and brought the mournful intelligence of the total loss of that vessel, as well as of six of her crew. It appears that the *Clifton* took on board at Buchs a cargo of timber for London; and on the 9th of September proceeded on her intended voyage. On the 19th of the same month she encountered violent gales, ranging from S. to W.S.W., at which period the vessel became water-logged, and turned bottom upwards; her masts then gave way, and she righted. Six men were drowned. After the survivors had spent three days and three nights in the main-top, they were seen by Captain Gorwin, of the barque *Secret*, who took them on board. In this vessel they arrived at Penarth Roads.

**COLLIERY EXPLOSION NEAR WAKEFIELD.**—On Tuesday morning (last week), between eleven and twelve o'clock, an explosion of fire-damp took place in Haigh Moor Pit, at Stanley-lane-end, near Wakefield, belonging to Messrs. Hudson and Co., of Leeds, by which three men lost their lives. The names of the sufferers were Norris Beaumont, James Sidebottom, and George Clayton, who were all shockingly burnt.



## THE SPANISH AMARRIAGES.—MADRID.



ARRIVAL AT THE ALCALA.

A TELEGRAPHIC dispatch has been received in Paris announcing that the marriages of the Queen to Don Francisco de Assis, and of the Infanta to the Duke de Montpensier, were solemnised on the evening of Saturday last. There was a grand mass performed on the morning of Sunday.

As we stated in our latest impression last week, the French Princes arrived in Madrid on the preceding Tuesday (the 6th). Before they entered the capital, they breakfasted at the residence of the Duke de Ossuna and del Infantado, at Charmartin. An immense concourse of people filled the streets. At two o'clock, a courier galloped in with the news of the arrival of the Princes. At half-past two, a magnificent carriage made its appearance: it conveyed MM. de Arana, del Povar, and de Santa Cruz, who had been to receive the Princes at the frontier. At three, their Highnesses made their *entrée* on horseback, a detachment of horse Municipal Guards preceding them. By their sides rode the Minister of War, the Captain-General of Madrid, and the French Ambassador (M. Bresson), who had been to meet them at Alcobendas. They were followed by a most numerous staff, four Court carriages, a municipal deputation, &c. The said carriages had been sent by the Queen in the event of the weather proving unfavourable. The Duke de Montpensier repeatedly saluted the crowd. Numbers of general officers, including Narvaez and Concha, accompanied the Minister of War, with their respective aides-de-camp and orderlies, and formed, as may be supposed, a very imposing and brilliant group. The reception of Narvaez by the French Princes

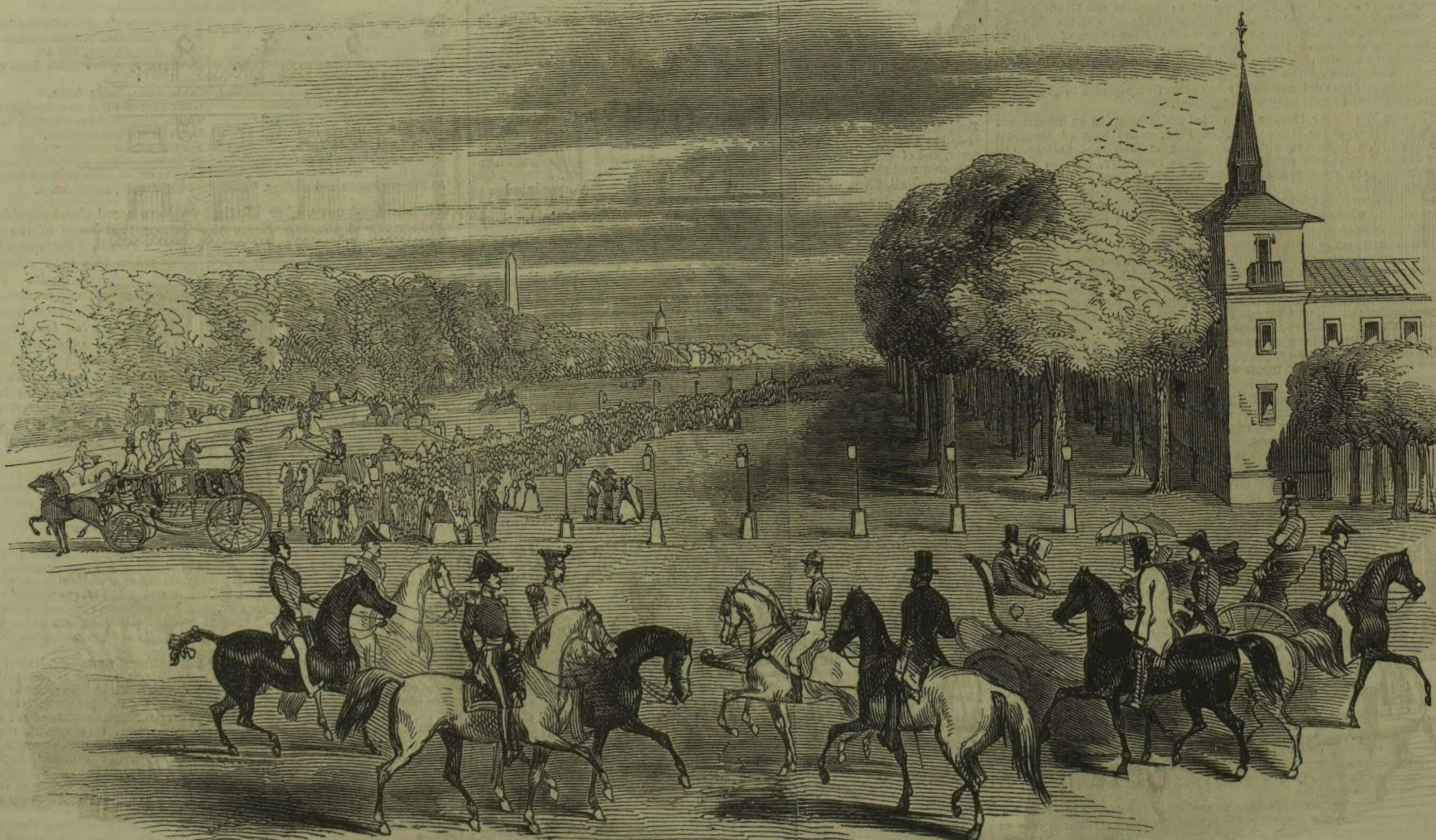
was most cordial; they seemed to strive in every possible way to show the surrounding spectators how high the ex-Dictator stood in their estimation.

The entire *cortege* entered Madrid on horseback, by the Bilbao gate, and, passing through the Calle de Fuencarrel, descended the Calle de Montera, towards the Puerta del Sol, which was filled with Cuirassiers. The windows of each house were alive with people of every degree, age, and sex; whilst the streets lined with troops, resounding with martial music, crowded with thousands anxious to get a glimpse of the affianced husband of the heiress apparent to the Crown of Spain, formed a truly animated and picturesque scene, lit up as it was by the dazzling glories of an unclouded sun. Numbers of Frenchmen loudly cheered the Princes as they proceeded, shouting "Vive le Duc d'Anjou! Vive le Duc de Montpensier!" with right gallant enthusiasm, despite the lowering brows and scowling glances of the countless Spaniards around them. This fearless ebullition of feeling did credit to them, for the moment was somewhat critical, and made the demonstration perilous. The Spaniards present on this memorable occasion contented themselves with protesting against the Montpensier match by their silence and the frigid reception they gave Louis Philippe's sons. The French Princes evidently felt the coldness with which they were received, and vainly tried to appear unconcerned and cheerful. But they looked pale, and more than once a sad austere expression came over their features, which, however, disappeared in a moment, and was replaced by bright looks

of gratitude and satisfaction, as they acknowledged the cordial greetings of their countrymen. It almost seemed as if they recognised old friends amongst the dark stern faces around them. The entire way from the Bilbao gate to the Royal Palace was lined with troops—a most unusual proceeding, and quite opposed to Spanish etiquette, the Sovereign being in the capital at the time. This can only be explained by supposing that the authorities, under the guise of doing the French Princes as much honour as possible, occupied every street with troops for the purpose of aweing the disaffected and preserving public tranquillity. The open space before the Palace was filled with troops, and several military bands struck up the Royal march as their Royal Highnesses dismounted and entered the Royal residence. They were received in the grand audience chamber by the Queen, her mother, and the Infanta, attended by the Court, and proceeded into her Majesty's private apartment.

The two Queens, the Infanta, the whole of the Royal Family, and the French Princes, came on the balcony to witness the "défilé" of the troops.

The Madrid Correspondent of the *Times* says, "I watched their progress a considerable way, from the Calle Fuencarrel to the Puerta del Sol, and I did not hear one single cry, either in their favour or against them. Not a hat did I see raised to salute them, notwithstanding that the Princes were continually lifting theirs. Not a handkerchief was waved from the balconies, which were crowded with well-dressed people! The Princes wore over their uniforms the Grand Cross of the



THE PRADO.



## THE SPANISH MARRIAGES.—MADRID.



THE PUERTA DEL SOL.

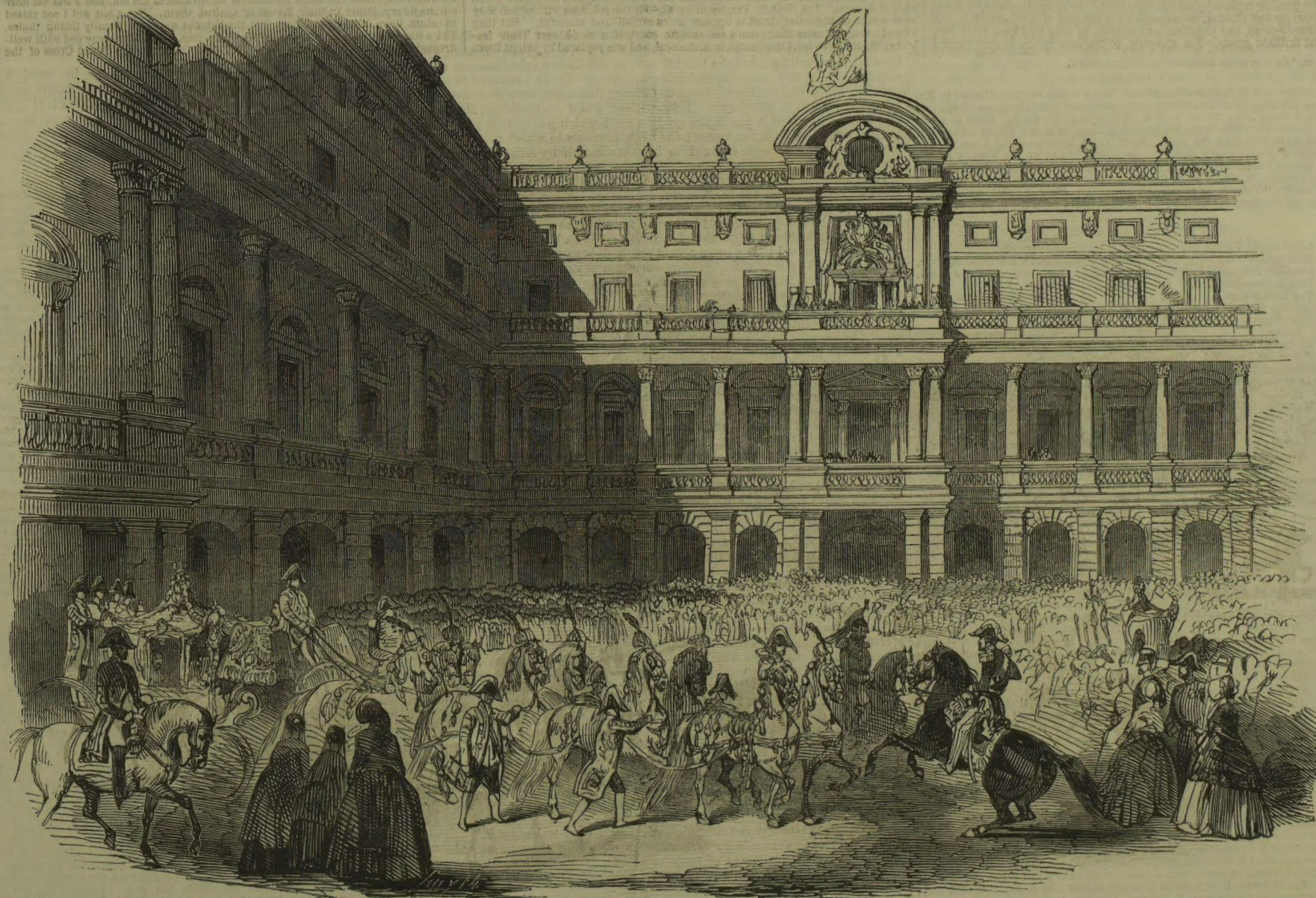
Legion of Honour. They were attended by the Ministers and Captains-General, and followed by a numerous staff. The Minister of War rode at one side, and the Governor of Madrid at the other. The artillery was stationed outside the gate on the French road. The escort of the Princes was composed of the Hussars of Maria Christina. There were very few people outside the gates; the troops were there much more numerous. There was no demonstration of any kind.

The following additional details respecting the reception of the French Princes are from a Madrid letter, dated Oct. 8:—

"The French Princes, who are perfectly acquainted with the generosity of the Castilian character, display the utmost confidence in the people, and the latter acknowledge it. Yesterday forenoon they went about the capital in a berline, without any other escort than the French Ambassador, Baron Athalin, and some other persons of their suite. In the evening the French Ambassador's drawing-rooms boasted the presence of the noblest and highest company of Madrid. They were crowded with Generals and Grandees of Spain. In all circles the gracious *amabilité* of the French Princes is justly praised. It is impossible to find two

young Princes better educated. The beauty of the Infanta of Castille appears to have made the deepest impression on the young Duke de Montpensier. It is said that when, on his arrival at the Palace, he stood before the Infanta, he turned to the Duke d'Aumale, and said, 'Oh! she is better-looking than her portrait!' This afternoon, at half-past three, the Dukes de Montpensier and d'Aumale have received the authorities of Madrid and the officers of the garrison. The Captain-General addressed them thus:—'Most Serene Lords, the garrison of Madrid have come to congratulate your Royal Highnesses. Yesterday they had the honour of receiving in their ranks the brave sons of a great King, our Queen's ally. Soldiers and Generals all have been proud to behold the warlike type on your noble brows. Their sympathies for your august persons have since increased, and I have come to assure you of them, in the name of the army of the New Castille. May God grant that your stay on our territory may be as agreeable to your Royal Highnesses as it is to all Spanish soldiers!' The Duke de Montpensier condescended to reply for himself and his brother, and his feeling and energetic answer drew tears from the eyes of many who were present. 'I thank you, Monsieur le Capitaine-General,' said he, 'for the sentiments you have just expressed in behalf of the Madrid garrison. They have deeply affected me. I am happy to avail myself of this opportunity to congratulate the brave officers who command the army of New Castille. I am more and more pleased with the ties that are about to connect me with this heroic Spanish nation, which, I doubt not, is destined to maintain the exalted rank it has ever held in the pages of history.'

Some of the journals dwell in a contradictory way on an arrest that took place the day the French Princes entered Madrid. It appears that the person arrested is charged with meditating the assassination of the Duke of Montpensier. He is a retired military officer, named Olavarrieta. He was formerly editor of a Republican paper, called *El Huracan*—"the hurricane." When taken before the Minister of the Interior, he declared that he intended one pistol for the Duke of Montpensier, and the other for himself, as soon as the act was consummated. The pistols were loaded with balls and slugs. It was near the portico of the Royal Palace he was arrested, where he was waiting the arrival of the Princes. The report is that he is insane. He had been arrested some hours previously, in



EL PATIO, OR THE INNER COURT OF THE ROYAL PALACE.



a gambling house, but was soon set at liberty. His anxious inquiries in the Palace-square, and his great curiosity as to the identity of the Princes, attracted the notice of the police.

Mr. Bulwer has presented another protest to the Spanish Government on the subject of the Infanta's marriage. It is short, but strong and decided in character. This protest is to the effect that the British Government will refuse to recognize the claims of the children of the marriage to the crown of Spain.

The *Journal des Débats* publishes the following letter from Madrid of the 6th inst.:—"The description of Cabrera has been sent to all the authorities; he travels under the name of José Lopez, merchant, of Madrid. If he falls into the hands of justice, he is to be shot instantly. If he escapes the watchfulness of the authorities, he need not flatter himself that he will make many proselytes—the Carlist party is dead."

### THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

#### THE JOURNEY.

The first of our Engravings, upon the front page, represents the Duke de Montpensier, en route for Madrid; with a specimen of the mountain-ridges and sublime scenery of the Pyrenees.

#### THE ALCALA.

This scene shows the Royal cortege arriving at the Puerta de Alcalá, built in 1778, for Charles III., by Sabatini. This is the finest gate in Madrid, being merely ornamental; "for, the walls, a mean girdle to the only court, are of mud, and might be jumped over by a tolerably active Remus; but they were never intended for defence against any invaders, except smuggled cigars; yet, although they might be battered down with garbanos, this architectural ornament was mutilated by the invader, whose sportive cannon-balls were especially directed at it;—*Te saca loquuntur*."—*Ford's Handbook of Spain*.

#### THE PRADO.

This is the locale of the Prado, the costumes and characteristics of which were engraved and described in No. 177 of our Journal. "Here," says Mr. Ford, in his lively "Handbook of Spain," "on the winter mornings and summer afternoons, all the rank, beauty, and fashion appear. It is a place to study costumes and manners, and to see those antediluvian carriages with ridiculous coachmen and grotesque footmen to match, caricatures, which amongst us would be put into the British Museum."

The Prado, "the meadow," in the time of Philip IV., was a wooded dip, renowned for murder and intrigue, political and amatory. It was levelled and planted by the Conde de Aranda, under Charles III., and laid out by José Hermosilla in garden walks; the entire length is 9650 feet; and the most frequented portion, "El Salón," is 1450 feet long, by 200 feet wide. This fine promenade terminates with the fountain of Neptune; and there are seven other fountains in the Prado.

Mr. Ford discourses very pleasantly of this truly Spanish thing and scene, which is unique; "and, as there is nothing like it in Europe, and, oh, wonder! no English on it, it fascinates all who pass the Pyrenees."

"The Prado is a noisy, dusty scene, as no grass, no continental apology for English lawn, grows on this so-called meadow, a modest misnomer after the fashion of Les Champs Elysées of Parisian paradise. No flowers enamel this Prado, save those offered by impertinent daughters of Flora. Fire and water, *Candela Fuego!* y *quien quiere agua!* resound on every side; since these, long the essential elements for holy purposes, for the furnace of the Inquisition, and the *agua bendita* of the church, are equally necessary to light cigars and put out thirst: accordingly, Murillo-like urchins run about with lighted rope-ends for smokers, i. e. for ninety-nine out of one hundred males, while Aguadores follow the fire, like engines, with fresh water, for your Spaniard is as a-dust as his soil, and thirsty as Vesuvius."

"Strange as the Prado still appears, it is sadly fallen off from the good old times before the fatal invasion and the *nuevo progreso*; every afternoon the march of transpyrenean intellect is crushing some national costume and custom. Oh! the tyranny of English tailors and coachmakers, and of French barbers and modistes! Out upon the upper Benjamins and beards *à la Brutus*, which travesties this land of the cloak and Don Whiskerandos. Sad, in truth, it is to see the *gens togata*, once the models and masters of Europe, casting off their skins and *capas*, to put on the *paleto*, the livery jacket of the foreigner; but Bonaparte never inflicted more injuries to Spanish man than your little French milliner has done to the daughter of the *soya y mantilla*; nor are even their precious organs of speech safe, their fans or tongues, for they fetter their glorious vernacular by exchanging it for what they fancy is the idiom of Paris, just as a similar want of judgment was displayed by their foolish ancestors."

"The Prado, as it approaches the Pa. de Atocha, becomes more umbrageous and quiet. This is the favourite site of bores, lovers, and button-holders. Those who remember Spain when truly Spain will miss the monks and real Mantillas, for the present Mantilla is unworthy of the name. Consult on some of these Prado particularities, Water-drinking, p. 71; Cigars, p. 293; Costume, p. 196; Walking, pp. 203-312; but the *paseo Castellano* cannot be compared to the *aire y meneo* of a Gaditana's gait, nor the *gracia y pifio* of an Andaluza's amble."

"Advancing to the l. is the simple pyramidal monument of the Dos de Mayo, raised to the names of the victims of Murat. It was begun in 1814 by the Cortes, but was stopped by Ferd. VII., in whose eyes the senators and heroes of the war of independence found no favour, because of their reforming tendencies. Here a modest Castilian Leon puts its paw only on the whole globe. The anniversary of the 2d of May is celebrated like our 5th of November."

#### LA PUERTA DEL SOL.

MADRID may be considered at this moment as the centre of political intrigue, and La Puerta del Sol may be fairly pronounced as the centre of Madrid; that is, the fruitful focus wherein concentrate and whence emanate the rays of party spirit which are supposed to enlighten Spain. The Gate of the Sun no longer exists, if it ever existed at all; but, in its stead, a handsome "Plaza" shines forth, into which several streets, and especially the Calle d'Alcala, debouch, thus naturally rendering it the common rendezvous of the capital. It is, moreover, contiguous to the Prado and the Royal Palace. It contains the Post-Office—a handsome modern building, and the adjoining streets teem with political *cafés*.

Most preconceptions of national character are more or less false; that about the taciturn solemnity of the Spaniards is pre-eminently so, and one visit to the Puerta del Sol would more than suffice to prove the assertion. Not only the *cafés* are crowded with men in animated conversation, but also the shops of tradespeople, such as mercers, hatters, &c., are similarly circumstanced, except, indeed, where these latter have *afichado* on their windows—"A qui no hacier las tertulias." "No conversations allowed here;" a notice as common in the Calle d'Alcala as "Ici l'on parle Français" in Regent-street.

#### THE PALACE.

At this Palace, one of the most magnificent in the world, we have glanced in No. 179 of our Journal. The illustration shows the Inner Court, a square of 470 feet by 100 feet high. The rustic base is of granite; the window work of white stone of Colmenar, which in the bright sun glitters as a fair palace of marble. The principal entrance, on the south, leads into a huge *patio*, of some 240 feet square with a glazed upper gallery. Between the arches are statues of the Spanish Roman Emperors—Trajan, Adrian, Honorius, and Theodosius. The interior is splendid: it is said, when Bonaparte ascended the staircase, he told his brother Joseph, "Vons serez mieux logé que moi." He laid his hand on one of the white marble lions, exclaiming, "Je la tiens enfin, cette Espagne, si désirée!"

#### THE SPANISH MARRIAGES.

Joy to the Royal Volunteers Of Hymen's camp!	Shout every river, From Bidassoa to the Guadalquivir, And raise your waters lofty as the Nile's. Your tribute pay To Montpensier.
Not Isabella's (first of) April tears, That joy can damp. The deed is done, The day is won,	Who cares a fig for the British Isles? Or testify respect For the treaty of Utrecht— "The Etienne Cordiale" at the Chateau d'Eu?
Despite the threats of Progressistal tramp, Or Carlist bore, Joy to the Tricolor!	Joy to Bresson's skill, And the fact of Louis Phil- lip. Loyalty is certainly that Mo- narch's due!
Poor Don Enrique and Montemolino Vainly will bluster about the lost Queen, Oh! Isabella, Cabrera, that Nero, And Don Espartero,	Joy to "the Dynasty"—a triple joy. Yet still the Pyrenees shall long exist, Throned in the mist Of Freedom's vallies, spite that Royal Boy, Louis Quatorze, Who look'd on wars And human slaughter as a monarch's toy.
"Arcades ambo," have tumbled to zero— With all the rest; mere leather and prunello— Let them tear their moustaches in rage and despair, Montpensier marries Luisa the fair. Jo! Hymen! Jo! Pyrene!	"'Tis only the first step that costs"— Alas! Succeeding steps may cost a trifle more; And therefore may Montpensier repass Safely the hills where brave Pelayo bore. The flag that flamed confusion on the Moor. The saw-like hills—"Sierras"—which can sever The yoke of bondage: for Iberia's shore. The fair and fertile, shall be free for ever. Joy to Montpensier! Happy, happy man!
Francisco espouses the Queen Isabella!	Brilliant was the plan And gallant the idea. Pa has gained the niece, with the Order of the fleece; And Spain is now at peace—Spain, Eu- rope's Medea!
Joy to the Tuilleries! Its orange trees Will bloom anew to welcome home the Bride; Bravely its flag will flaunt the joyous breeze; The Seine will burst her stays in tri- umph's pride! The Champs Elysées Will have a gay day— Mais de Cocagne—plays—sausages— wine— Gamins and Grisettes, In Terpsichore's "sets," Will be dancing and glancing from Caen to the Rhine. Shout Pyrenees aloud! Let every cloud Around your summits wreath in sunny smiles.	

MARRIAGE OF LADY ROSE SOMERSET.—The Lady Rose Somerset, fourth daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, and Captain Francis Lovell, whose elopement from Badminton we noticed in last week's paper, were married on Sunday last. The persons present at the ceremony, and the place at which it was performed, suggest the agreeable inference that a reconciliation has taken place amongst all parties. The marriage took place at Wroughton, the seat of John Lovell, Esq., and was solemnised by the Rev. E. Everard, Chaplain to the Duke of Beaufort.

## GOLD; OR, THE HALF-BROTHERS.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

### CHAPTER XIII.

TREVOR SEFTON stood in the chamber of death! Far away in that southern isle, whither, on the wings of hope, so many fading forms have been borne, to find, alas!—a grave. But, as the careless visitor to Madeira, startled for awhile to thoughtfulness, pauses beside the simple inscription which records the fate of youth and beauty, or the costlier tomb which tells of fortune's gifts, it is but a natural fancy to dream that the disembodied spirits have floated back with earnest love and longing affections, to the northern homes they so vainly fled, and that even the insensible clay rests not quite peacefully in that soft, but stranger-land!



Trevor clasped the hand of the dying woman, and, despite many efforts to control his emotions, tears of heartfelt gratitude and regret fell upon it. The face of Clara Smith, as she gazed upon him at that moment, would have formed a beautiful study for a painter depicting a dying mother, so full of deep and tender affection was its expression. At the close of her weary life she had found one true and devoted friend, who had been tried, and not found wanting; and all the pure and grateful affections of a warm and loving nature—long garnered, it would seem, rather than repressed—flowed forth with a sweet and consoling power. It seemed as if something in her destiny were completed—some want, at last supplied, for which her spirit had long pined. If Providence had willed her recovery, it would have been the sweetest task to have smoothed with her fortune his rugged path; to have loved for his sake the wife he had chosen, and the children he might have. But she knew that the vital powers of her mortal frame were failing, and that her days of life were narrowing to a close. Her soul was at peace with her Creator; and now must her satisfied spirit concentrate its human yearnings into one comprehensive revelation! A revelation; for not until so late a day had she left the actual fulfilment of an intention conceived without Trevor Sefton entertaining a suspicion of the fact.

The chamber of Death was rife with the evidences of wealth—seeming like vain and fluttering banners swiftly to be overthrown and bowed earthwards by the King of Terrors! The couch on which rested that sinking frame was of the richest damask; the pillows were covered with the finest lawn; and delicate but costly lace shaded the hollow cheeks, and fell in ruffles half over the emaciated hands. For many days articulation had been difficult and dangerous, and a tablet of ivory and gold remained by her side, on which to inscribe her wishes. Her faithful dog, with glistening eyes and patient face, nestled watchfully at her feet—not loved less warmly than of old, though a human friend was now prized yet more dearly.

The inscription which the changing face of the tablet at this moment bore, told Trevor Sefton that, with the exception of a few legacies, and three hundred a year to her worthless husband, he was, by a recent Will, the sole heir of her fortune!

It was quite evident from her words that, if she did not know in detail how truly and firmly he had been faithful to her, she felt the Truth by a spirit-knowledge, and she blessed him, as a mother might bless her son, for opening her heart to its holiest emotions. He had restored to her that which had wandered from her breast, like a lost dove from its home—her Faith in Humanity. Now, without doubt or trembling, she could indulge in fond hopes of the good on earth which her earthly possessions would effect in the future; the high purposes to which she had long willed them, though chained to inaction herself by sickness and circumstance.

It would be in vain to attempt a description of the thronging emotions which swelled at the heart of Trevor Sefton. A heart and imagination alike warm alone can picture them, understanding also, that the intelligence he had just received had come upon him as a most startling surprise. He had been cognisant of the Will made on board a ship, and had never suspected that a more recent one had been executed. Even had he guessed such a thing—as, from certain mysterious interviews with some of her Madeira acquaintances which he now recollected—a more inquisitive person might perhaps have done, he would never have thought of himself as her legatee, after her memorable words that it should be "his interest to keep her alive." Poor thing! unkindness had taught her tongue its bitterness; ingratitude had planted suspicion in a nature the most trusting and generous.

Mrs. Smith still lingered for a few days; during which time she not only communicated to her husband the disposition she had made of her property, but caused several precautionary measures to be taken which might facilitate the means to be adopted by Trevor in taking possession of it. Calmly as a wearied child falls asleep, she sank at last. She had seemed better in the morning, though well did Trevor know such really was but an expiring flicker. She had spoken a little; she had renewed her forgiveness to her husband kindly and earnestly; had given a little trinket which she constantly wore, as the last of many gifts to her weeping maid, and—feet most easily accomplished—had led the conversation to Margaret Clifford, if that could be called conversation which was rather a narration her written questions had drawn forth. A sweet smile rested on her wan features; for her parting spirit was refreshed by the knowledge that she had conferred happiness. Such were her last earthly thoughts.

The last sorrowful rites were over; and the house made sacred by the presence of Death, was once more so much of common space, in which men could talk of common things, and in a voice no longer hushed.

The husband and the heir were together! The eyes of the former were cast down, and it would have been hard to judge from features well disciplined to mask the soul's emotions, what passions were at play within. Remorse or hatred, penitence or revenge? Trevor Sefton did not pause to consider which of them swayed the hour; he could not have done it, for his own heart had been so melted and moulded within the last few days, that reason seemed to be in a state of chaos—but a chaos out of which was to evolve new and beautiful combinations—a chaos over which floated the spirits of pity, and hope, and pardon.

He rested his hand kindly on the shoulder of the other, as brother might lean upon brother. "Why will you not let me be your friend?" he said; and the voice was—the voice of the "Spirits."

"My friend!" exclaimed Geoffrey Smith, in a tone of bitterness. Yet his lip quivered.

"Yes, friend; unless you can think of a better term and adopt it." The dark eyes were raised; eyes in which a lurking sarcasm seemed driving back the evidences of some more healthful emotion. It conquered, too, for the moment, for he said, bitterly, "What think you of Judge?"

"I am no Judge," returned Trevor mournfully; "there is One on

High—One who will weigh Circumstance and Temptation in a balance more even than our frail fellow-mortals can hold."

The Evil-doer for years, hardened in guilt, burst into tears!

That was a long and memorable interview, in which the wretched man poured out the Confession of his Life. It will be enough to take up the thread of the discourse towards its close. Hope spoke more loudly than her sister "Spirits" now, in the voice of Trevor Sefton.

"The first thing, then, to restore your peace of mind is to refund the thousand pounds, and recall that unhappy draft—"

"Which I FORGED," interrupted the other; "Oh! to be able to breathe that word of fire, that has burnt and branded itself into my heart for a dozen years!"

"This shall be done as quickly as my instructions—or myself—can reach London. Secondly, before entering some foreign service, you wish one parting interview with Hester Clifford. Is this wise?"

"It is selfish, perhaps," murmured the other, "but if you knew—if you could comprehend—how that one memory has dwelt in my soul, like a jewel amid corruption. Even now, imbecile, faded, as she is, if she would wed me—if I might, in part, atone—"

"Think not of it," said Trevor hastily, "I have told you Death is at her heart. And every letter I receive from England confirms my words. Believe me, she is fading like an autumn leaf."

But few preparations were necessary for leaving the island. Trevor had secured a berth in a vessel which was to sail for England almost immediately, but not the same in which Mr. Smith was to return.

It seemed to be tacitly understood that it would be pleasanter for them to part company, and be perfectly independent of each other, than to adopt the opposite plan. Trevor, anxious for all reasons, to return home, was to have been the first to quit Madeira.

It was the evening before the vessel was to sail—the evening of a warm spring day. All his effects were on board, except a valise, which contained some valuables and papers of importance. He had one last and tearful visit to pay—it was to the grave of his benefactress. He lingered and lingered, as if loath to quit the spot, till the sinking sun warned him that the sudden night of the South would be quickly upon him. What crowding memories of past trials, what tender recollections of the dead, what high resolves, what radiant hopes, swelled in his heart, words cannot tell. At last, as with a quick determination, he moved away, yet paused awhile to gather a few wild flowers which grew near the spot: these, as he perceived an acquaintance approaching, he thrust into his bosom.

The stranger was an Englishman, a white-haired man, but bowed with sorrow more than years. Ten years before, an adored wife had faded and faded before his eyes, till Death snatched her from his loving hold; a daughter, taken by the same Vampire-like disease, lay in a grave near that of Clara Smith; and now was he watching, with almost frantic love, his only remaining child, a youth of seventeen, whom he had brought hither, with the lost sister, for the winter, but was now about taking back to England.

"I suspected I should find you here, Mr. Sefton," he exclaimed, removing his hat, perhaps out of deference to the sacred spot, "when they told me you were from home. I come to ask a boon of you; a boon which Aged Ignorance asks of Youthful knowledge; a boon which a month ago I would have bargained for with the yellow GOLD—that which can purchase so much, and yet so little! But the world says you are richer than I now—and so—and so—I beg your Charity!"

Trevor Sefton was not of a nature to remain unmoved at such an address; and yet a terrible guess close upon the truth rushed to his mind. He had prescribed for the Youth in question on more than one occasion; and the dread Consumption, less deeply rooted than it had been in the sister's case, had yielded perceptibly to his remedies.

"What is it I can do," he replied, "for the few hours I remain on the island! The vessel in which I have engaged my passage sails to-morrow."

"No, no; it must not be," exclaimed the other. "One little fortnight—only two weeks—only fourteen nights and days—and then we all return together. I have striven for berths in the ship in which you were to have gone; but not one, not one to be found. Oh stay, and save my child. It is useless to bribe you with Gold: what, what can I say?" And then the old man clasped his hands, and burst forth in a torrent of passionate entreaties.

Trevor Sefton was grieved—grieved beyond expression, with a heart-sick disappointment. In his present mood, the delay of a fortnight seemed the delay of half a life; and yet, putting aside the exaggerated expressions and belief of the Father, he could not conceal from himself the fact that the Son was in precisely the condition when a single error in the treatment of his disease might prove fatal. One month ago! Yes: were he as poor in fortunes as he believed himself to be then, full well he knew that, for some comparatively trifling money payment, he would have bartered his freedom, deferred his hopes, and bent every endeavour towards the fulfilment of new duties. And was he to withhold that for Charity which he would have yielded for Gold?

Was Trevor Sefton to fall before the rich man's first Temptation? No. "I will stay!" he exclaimed; and the grateful Father did not note the sigh which followed.

It was more fruitful in consequences than strange in itself, that Geoffrey Smith—almost equally eager to leave Madeira—should occupy the berth engaged for Trevor Sefton, and sail on the morrow!

(To be continued.)

### COUNTRY NEWS.

OPENING THE PORTS.—On Tuesday a meeting of the working men of Manchester took place, for the purpose of memorializing the Government to open the ports. The Chairman, Mr. Abel Heywood, alluded to the pressure for food which must arise, and gave his opinion that it was of urgent importance to adopt the course suggested. Several statements were made as to the prevalence of distress and the scarcity of food, and a memorial to Lord John Russell was agreed to.

OPENING OF THE GREAT NORTH OF ENGLAND, CLARENCE, AND HARTLEPOOL JUNCTION.—The ceremony connected with the opening of this important connecting link took place on Monday. The line is only about eight miles in length, but it forms the connecting link between the York and Newcastle and Clarence Railways, and affords the best and shortest medium for the transit of the coal and iron of the western parts of the county to the important port of Hartlepool. Mr. George Hudson, on behalf of the Newcastle and Darlington Railway Company, having agreed for the purchase of this railway, together with the line, docks, and other works belonging to the Hartlepool Dock and Railway Company, Monday was the day appointed for that gentleman entering upon possession.

RAILWAY MEETING.—AMBERGATE, NOTTINGHAM, AND BOSTON.—On Thursday, 8th October, the shareholders held a meeting, to receive the Report of the Directors, and other business. The Secretary read the Report, which states that, so far from the Midland guaranteeing the Ambergate stock, the Midland Counties had "staged" 10,000 shares and forfeited the deposit of £5000. We have since learned that the Midland Counties have surveyed a line from Newark to Spalding. This line, if successful, must materially damage the Ambergate Company.

A COTTON MILL DESTROYED BY FIRE, AT STALEYBRIDGE.—Last Sunday morning, the extensive cotton mill of Messrs. W. Bayley and Brothers, at Staley-bridge, near Ashton-under-Lyne, whose firm employs upwards of 1000 persons, caught fire. The fire broke out in the second story of the large warehouse adjoining the factory, in which were from 9000 to 10,000 pieces of calico, besides a large quantity of twist, waste, &c. Such was the rapidity of the fire, that the building, which is three stories high, and seven windows in length, was, in the course of about two hours from the time of the fire being found out, completely gutted, the whole of the interior being destroyed. It is generally supposed that the fire must have originated from spontaneous combustion. The whole of the 10,000 pieces, together with every other article, was destroyed, save the burning remnants of the cloth which was carried out by the men who daringly ventured their lives for the purpose. The estimated damage of the stock is £2500, which, with the destruction of the building, will be between £3000 and £4000. Both the building and stock is insured in the Phoenix fire-office, but the insurance will scarcely cover this amount.

CRUELTY TO AN INSANE PAUPER.—An adjourned Coroner's Inquest was held on Monday, at Havenhill, Suffolk, before Mr. Wayman, on the body of John Webb, an old imbecile inmate of the Erisborough Union Workhouse, who had died in the infirmary; and it was alleged that his death had been accelerated by cruelties practised on him by Abraham Slater, who attended him in the infirmary. The inquiry excited a great sensation; but the result proved that, though the deceased had been treated with great cruelty, he had died from natural causes. It appeared that Slater is an old pauper, aged seventy-six, and that he was employed in the infirmary as nurse, without receiving any remuneration or gratuity for attending the patients, when living, but that he had a shilling for "doing" every dead man. The Coroner summed up at great length. The Jury expressed a wish to retire; and, having been absent about half an hour, they returned into court, when the foreman declared the following to be their unanimous verdict:—"The verdict of the Jury is 'Natural death,' but they cannot consider they have discharged their duty without wishing to record their horror and detestation of the cruel and inhuman treatment which it has been proved the deceased received from the nurse Slater; that gross negligence has been exhibited by the late master, in allowing such treatment to pass unnoticed and unreported to the Board."



## THE THEATRES.

## LYCEUM.

We had only space last week to record the success of "Which Mr. Smith?"—the two-act farce produced at this house on the preceding Thursday. It has since been played every evening with increasing favour, and a few judicious alterations have much improved the progress of its action; so that, without a doubt, the inquiry will be made in the bills for some time to come as to the identification of the Mr. Smith in question. Any one who has a Directory or a Court Guide at hand, by turning to the proper letter will find how many of the family of the Smiths are resident in London; and upon this circumstance, as may be almost anticipated, the *equivokes* of the present piece turn—the story being of that description which, whilst it gives rise to a continuity of situations, almost precludes the possibility of detailing its plot under a few columns of a newspaper. But we have the brightest recollection of Mr. Frank Matthews as a respectable married gentleman—the Smith of the piece—much more addicted to looking after young ladies in Cranbourne-street, than he ought to be; and Mrs. Woolledge as his injured, but not forgiving wife; and we have, also, Mr. Emery, as a "Yorkshireman just come to town"—a gentleman in search of a wife; giving us one of those capital bits of character which this clever actor occasionally presents to us. There is, besides, in the piece, plenty of bustling situation; some smartly-pointed dialogue; and just so much comical improbability as is necessary to call forth the loudest laughter of the audience; so that, it may be imagined, it goes capital. "Which Mr. Smith?" is the maiden dramatic effort of Mr. Angus B. Reach; and it is creditable to the management of the Lyceum to state that he is the fourth or fifth untried dramatic author who has made a successful *début* on the boards of that theatre.

## HAYMARKET.

On Saturday evening the new comedy, in three acts, by Mr. Planché, called "Queen Mary's Bower," was successfully produced at this house. Most of our theatrical readers, without doubt, recollect the opera of Halévy, "Les Mousquetaires de la Reine," which was performed by the Brussels company during their late campaign at Drury Lane. Well; Mr. Planché has taken the libretto of the opera and adapted it to our stage—not merely translating it, but turning its incidents to English interest and characters, as "Les Premières Armes de Richelieu" was altered to "The Court of Queen Anne." And Mr. Planché has also honourably stated the source from which he has derived his plot. The dialogue is spirited and appropriate; the allusions are either entirely new or cleverly altered to parallel occasions; and the action of the piece is made to be perfectly in accordance with English history. At the same time, we are bound to confess that the omission of the music tends to render somewhat flat the situations; the intrigue, although ingenious, being scarcely in itself strong enough for a three act comedy. In point of writing, however, the original drama is not to be compared to it. The action, which has all the neat ingenuity of the French pieces, and much of their prolixity—that is to say to English audiences—passes at Hampton Court Palace in the year 1685, and "Les Mousquetaires de la Reine" are altered to officers of the Queen's troop of Life Guards, whilst the scene of the appointment with the Lady, in waiting, is made to be Queen Mary's Bower—an arbour in the private garden, named after Maria Beatrice, the Queen of James the Second. *Lady Arabella Mordaunt* (Mrs. Seymour) is the heroine of the piece, who meets *Captain Hector O'Donoghue* (Mr. Hudson) at the trying place, believing him in the dark to be *Lieutenant Ormond* (Mr. Howe). This mistake, which, by the lady's self-devotion in confessing that she had made an appointment, is the means of saving *Ormond* from a charge of treason and manslaughter, brings about the various dilemmas in which the *dramatis personæ* are placed, the most amusing being the intended duel between *O'Donoghue* and *The Laird of Killcran-chie* (Mr. Webster), a Major of Scotch Dragoons; in fact the libretto of the opera is closely followed, with the variations we have above alluded to.

Mr. Hudson is entitled to most praise for his spirited acting as *Captain O'Donoghue*, and for a pleasing song he introduced to the air of "The Groves of Blarney." The rampant hilarity generally made the attribute of stage Irishmen was subdued, and a very agreeable performance was the result. Mr. Webster's old Scotch Major, so fond of the duello, was admirably conceived, but we think we have seen this clever artist more at home than when playing in the fetters of Scotch accent. Mr. Howe always plays carefully and with effect. We have hitherto left Miss Fortescue unnoticed. Her impersonation of the Maid of Honour, *Miss Lucy Desborough*, was graceful and unaffected. There is a simple truth and gentleness in the acting of this young lady, which always makes her welcome. We were less pleased with Mrs. Seymour. With many natural advantages, there is a want of expression and light and shade in her delivery which somewhat wears.

The piece is nicely put upon the stage, and Mr. Planché's well-known taste is perceptible in all the accessories. The scenery reflects great credit upon Mr. Morris; the "Clock Court" at Hampton Court Palace, is especially effective. All praise to the farce of "Spring Gardens," produced here on Thursday evening—one of the most spirited, unflagging, and, withal, elegant pieces it has been for some time our lot to witness. It is an admirable adaptation of the French vaudeville, "Le Cabaret de Lustucru;" but is so cleverly worked out, that there are few translations we have seen, even of those pieces which have made the greatest noise in Paris, at all to be compared to it. The time is the reign of Charles the Second. *Scoreup* (Mr. Buckstone), the keeper of an ordinary in Spring Gardens, has a very pretty wife—very pretty indeed (Miss Julia Bennett), who has attracted the notice of *Lord Courtington* (Mr. H. Holl). *Scoreup*, anxious to get his wife out of the way of the courtly libertine, sends her to Brentford—as he imagines. But *Courtington*, by means of his valet *Lightfoot* (Mr. Clark), intercepts her, and carries her to his Lordship's house, whence she escapes in a suit of patrician clothes. Meanwhile, the *Lady Clarissa* (Mrs. Buckingham), who is affianced to *Courtington*, mistrusting his truth, comes in disguise to *Scoreup's* inn, and takes the disguise of a waiting-maid, to watch him. Mrs. *Scoreup* returns, but masked, to find her husband with a strange young lady in the house, who says she is his cousin. *Scoreup* almost suspects that it is his wife, from a few words she drops. *Courtington* meeting a friend, *Sir Arthur Lovel* (Mr. Howe), asks him to dine at the table he has ordered, with both the ladies; and out of this confusion arises a series of the most amusing situations that can possibly be imagined, which kept the audience in a roar of laughter throughout the piece—and a good, honest, hearty roar it was, from the time when *Scoreup* first put his head up through the quaint little trap in the stage, and when he said "Farewell! remember me! as the ghost said to the omelette," to his final appearance before the curtain.

The acting was first rate; one has only to imagine Buckstone jealous of his wife, and that wife Julia Bennett, to conceive his comical distress. And Miss Bennett played charmingly; her very smiles and appearance brought down a hearty round of cheering, when Mr. Buckstone presented her to the audience. We have seldom witnessed so satisfactory a first representation. The farce was announced for repetition amidst the loudest cheering; and we can heartily recommend our readers to go and see it—a course we only adopt when we are convinced they will thank us afterwards for having done so. It was said in the house to be another emanation from the sparkling pen of Mr. Planché.

## ADELPHI.

One of those ultra-absurd comicities which set every kind of criticism at defiance has been produced at this theatre, under the title of "The Jockey Club," taken, as we hinted, from a French piece, "Le Sport du Turf." To detail its extravagances would be next to impossible; but, presuming that the end of the adapter was to keep the audience in fits of laughter by a succession of broadly-conceived incidents, which never gave them time to reflect upon the probability of what they were witnessing, we must own that he has succeeded in his intention, albeit some slight disapprobation was expressed on Monday evening, when its first representation took place, at the fall of the curtain. The *roles* allowed full scope for the various leading members of the Adelphi company to display their *vis comica*. Miss Woolgar played a fashionable sporting gentleman, the first new part since her return to these boards, after her recent illness. Mr. Wright is *Acis Macassar, Esq.*, a jockey hair-dresser; and Mr. Paul Bedford enacts *Philander Heavywell*, whose appearance, towards the end of the piece, as a jockey, in the proper costume of that class of mortals, may readily be conceived as something enormously droll—far more provocative of laughter than the offensive assumption of female dresses by male actors, unfortunately imagined, by the management of this theatre, to be funny. Few actors make us laugh more than Messrs. Wright and Bedford, in their proper sphere—none excite deeper disgust than they do when dressed up as women. Mr. Selby, as a foreign gentleman, is everything that can be desired; and the efforts of these artists are well seconded by Mrs. Frank Matthews, whose natural acting is always welcome; Miss Ellen Chaplin, and Miss Harding. To Mr. Bedford may be given the chief praise for carrying the piece through; for at one time it "hung," somewhat on a dangerous balance. It is, however, played every night.

Miss Flora Fabbri appeared at DRURY LANE on Wednesday evening in Carlotta Grib's part in "The Devil To Pay," and succeeded admirably.

At SADLER'S WELLS, the revival of "Virginia" has been most satisfactory; and it has served to bring a very deserving actress, Miss Cooper, once more before the audience, as the heroine. We noticed the performance of the play in this Journal, when it was first produced at Sadler's Wells, some months ago; and can only repeat our commendations. Miss Laura Addison's star is still in the ascendant. We were present at the representation of "The Patrician's Daughter," on Wednesday evening, and rejoiced to find, from the little available room in the auditory, that her attraction continued.

The SURREY is still crowded to the ceiling on the evenings of Mr. Macready's appearance; indeed, so great has been his attraction, that we believe the engagement has been extended. We witnessed his performance of "Richelieu," on Monday evening, and were much gratified at observing the wrapt attention of the house, and the judicious applause awarded to the acting.

The LYCEUM announces the close of its present season on the 11th of November. Previously, however, to shutting up, one or two novelties will be produced; the first being the appearance of that hitherto fictional lady, "Mrs. Harris," in flesh and blood reality, by the agency of Mr. Keeley. The piece is, we understand, a clever adaptation, rather than a translation, of a French vaudeville, "La Garde Malade." At Christmas, the management will depart from its usual practice, and bring out a comic pantomime, instead of a burlesque.

At the HAYMARKET, we hear, from the pen of Mr. Lovell, the author of "The Provost of Bruges," and the drama by Mr. Morris Barnett.

It is rumoured, in the theatrical and musical circles, that M. Jullien is about to become the proprietor of the PATHEON, in Oxford-street, and open it on the *Valentino* plan, for concerts and balls. This species of entertainment is singularly on the increase in London. We were present one evening this week at Laurent's Casino, formerly the Adelaide Gallery, which was crowded.

The OLYMPIC opens for the winter season this evening; and Mr. Bolton, profiting by past experience, seems likely to carry on a very successful campaign against the pockets of the play-loving public.

## OUR MAGAZINE COLUMN FOR OCTOBER.

## EATABLE BIRDS' NESTS.

Of these nests several descriptions have been given, though no one has yet satisfactorily explained the nature of the substances of which they are composed, or how it is that they are reckoned so great a delicacy in China. That they are highly prized, however, may be inferred from this, that clean nests of the first class sell customarily for more than their weight in silver, that is, for about five guineas and a half per pound; and in some instances where the article is of a very superior quality, that is, peculiarly white and transparent, it is known to fetch its weight in gold. The epicures of the West have not yet entered into competition with the Chinese for this costly luxury, though when the various parts of the Archipelago become better known, and the supplies of nests considerably more abundant, we should not be at all surprised to find nest-soup replacing that of turtle on the table of the opulent. It is said to be exceedingly nourishing, and when properly seasoned to possess a delicious flavour. Many circumstances are told both respecting the manner in which the sea-swallow collects the materials of this nest, and of the way in which it is constructed. Those among the natives who are most observant say, that the juice of agar agar, a submarine plant, enters into its composition; that the basis of the fabric consists of a fine transparent exudation from certain rocks on the sea-shore, which, when heated intensely by the sun, emit a moisture which coagulates at the mouths of the crevices, and is collected by the swallow. It is added that the bird, constantly in building time, inserts its sharp bill into the pulp of certain delicate fruits, and thence extracts that exquisite material which imparts so fine a flavour and perfume to its nest.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

## KING JOHN SIGNING MAGNA CHARTA.

The eventful morning arrived, when John cantered quietly down from Windsor Castle, attended by eight Bishops and a party of about twenty gentlemen. These, however, were not his friends, but had been lent by the other side, "for the look of the thing," lest the King should seem to be wholly without attendants. The Barons, who had been stopping at Staines, were of course punctual, and had got the pen and ink all laid out upon a table, with a Windsor chair brought expressly from the town of Windsor for John to sit down upon. It had been expected that he would have raised some futile objections to sign; but the crafty sovereign, knowing it was a *sine quâ non*, made but one plunge into the inkstand, and affixed his autograph. It is said that he dropped a dip of ink accidentally on the parchment, and that he mentally ejaculated—"Ha! this affair will be a blot upon my name for ever." The facility with which the King attached his signature to Magna Charta—the great Charter of England's liberties—naturally excited suspicion; for it is a remark, founded on a long acquaintance with human nature, that the man who never means to take up a bill is always foremost in accepting one. Had John contemplated adhering to the provisions of the document he would have probably discussed the various clauses, but a swindler seldom disputes the items of an account, when he has not the remotest intention of paying it. Though Magna Charta has been practically superseded by subsequent statutes, it must always be venerated as one of the great foundations of our liberties. It established the "beautiful principle" that taxation shall only take place by the consent of those taxed—a principle the beauty of which has been its chief advantage, for it has proved less an article for use than for ornament. The agreeable figure that every one who pays a tax does so with his own full concurrence, and simply because he likes it, is a pleasing delusion which all have not the happiness to labour under. It was also provided that "the King should sell, delay, or deny justice to none," a condition that can scarcely be considered fulfilled when we look at some of the bills of costs that generally follow a long suit in that game of chance which has obtained the singularly appropriate title of Chancery. It may be perhaps argued, that the article delayed and sold is law, whereas Magna Charta alludes only to justice. This, we must admit, establishes a distinction—not without a difference.—*The Comic History of England*.

## REFINING BLISS.

Certainly, there is a subtle power of refinement in happiness; a something elevating and purifying in that expansion of the heart. Sudden bliss invests with sudden grace; and gives to homeliness itself a look of sweetness. The soul, for a brief time, flashes forth with brighter light; asserting itself—as human pride is sometimes apt to think—in the vulgar, oddest sort of people.—*Douglas Jerrold, in the Shilling Magazine*.

## SIR HENRY FOTTINGER.

Sir Henry has, we understand, a fine head and powerful frame. He is a first-rate horseman, and has been always fond of field sports, to which circumstance he was, indeed, a good deal indebted for his life when he escaped from the Mahratta cavalry in 1816. He was married, in 1822, to Miss Cooke, the daughter of an officer in the army, and has three children, still very young. He is greatly beloved in private life, and though long engaged with heavy cares, has been at all times marked by the charm of a lively manner. "How can a person with your serious occupations," said a pompous Major to him once—"how can you share in the folly of these young men?" "My grave friend," was the reply, "I have my folly for every day's use, and my wisdom for state occasions."—*Dublin University Magazine*.

## MORNING IN LONDON.

The early rising goddess, whom those comical, but observant fellows, the poets, endow with rosy fingers—from the chilly state of the tips in the sharp, early air—had brought the chariot of the sun to the break of gauge between night and noon; and, having turned on the light, prepared to make a day of it. In fact, to descend from high class writing, it was near ten o'clock, A.M.; and Mr. Gudge was about to tear himself from the bosom of his affectionate family, and his love and cottage near Brompton. It was morning in London; and, just at this period, at Brompton as well; but the divisions of the day do not always run together in town and its suburbs. For, as we see in those ingenious diagrams which form the frontispieces to school geographies, and turn round on a knot, that when it is midnight at Botany Bay, the sun may be literally going like one o'clock at Greenwich; so it may be still morning in Grosvenor-square, when it is even after tea in Thistle Grove; or the hardy natives of Brompton-row may be gaily leaping from their French beds at the very time when the delicate children of Belgravia are falling into their first dream-laden slumbers within perfect houses of rustling brocade and French-polished mahogany. Morning in London. Bed-room windows are open; door-steps are drying in patches; and fresh polished brass plates and bell-pulls make your eyes blink in their brightness. People walk with a business-like air, neither looking to the right nor left: and all appear hurried. Cabmen seem to think that lacquer is produced by friction, and rub the brass-work of their vehicles until the very metal disappears; and waiters in coffee-rooms have the air of country medical assistants, called up in the middle of the night. Cattle pervade the thoroughfares; and long barrows of flowers, still wet with country dew, are pushed along the road. Shopmen in shirt-sleeves are arranging their windows; boys in caps are playing fantasias on bits of slate to housemaids at the doors; and governesses, with rolls of music and Berlin work reticules, are tripping about the pavements near the squares. The Back-bound omnibuses are crowded, and all with men; people hail them from the pavement, but to no effect; and expectant travellers look with despair at the five abreast outside, seen in the distance of the street, high over the cabs and waggons, as they emerge from the morning haze of a great city.—*Christopher Tadpole, by Albert Smith*.

## SIR C. HAWKINS.

The late worthy Baronet, of Trewithen, who possessed immense estates, and great borough influence, was well known for his parsimonious habits; and the following quaint lines, written by some facetious person on the wall of his demeane, are still remembered in Cornwall:—

A large park with no deer,  
A large cellar with no beer,  
A large house with no cheer,  
N.B.—Sir Christopher Hawkins lives here.

The Patrician.

## CHARACTERISTICS OF SPAIN.

Of all the glorious forms of nature, nothing can rival in richness of colouring, and splendour of effect, the crimson glories of the sun of Southern Spain in his decline; it is as superior to the soft argent light that precedes the gaudy glare of noon-day splendour, as the golden orange tints and ruby fruitage, in yellow autumn, decking with saffron and purple hues of orient beauty the fragrant groves and perfumed paths, that skirt the waters of the Guadalquivir in Seville, surpass in richness and effect the vernal flowers, smiling parterres, and budding roses of the bouages of France. \* \* \* \* \* There is no other country, in my opinion, whose varied scenery blends, in so striking a manner, like the language of the soil—originally formed on the majestic structure of the Latin, and partaking, on the decline of the Roman Empire, and the invasion of the Goths, under Alaric, the fire, the copiousness, and the strength of that rude speech; and, subsequently, on the invasion, in the seventh century, of the Moslem hordes of Mauritania, who imparted to it oriental dignity and figurative splendour of expression, as well as florid imagery, and the exquisite melody of the Arab dialects; blends, I say, in so great a degree, the sunny gorgeousness and variegated luxuriance of tropical splendour, with Alpine ruggedness and sublimity; and, at the same time, whose romantic annals—replete with so many a tale of love, heroism, and knightly encounter—are so eminently calculated to affect the heart and the imagination, and to beget enthusiasm in the mind of the visitant.—*Dolman's Magazine*.

## COLTON'S "LACON."

*Lacon* was written on covers of letters and scraps of paper of every species nearest at hand; the greater part at the house next door to Westwood, the watchmaker, in Prince's-street, Soho, who was subsequently murdered. *Lacon* was composed in all sorts of places and companies; much of it in his town lodging, as I have before said, a penurious second-floor, upon a common deal table, with a stamp of a pen.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

## THE BEST TODDY.

A Correspondent of the *New Sporting Review* notes:—I have generally observed that the Highlanders, from habit, no doubt, induced by the keenness of their mountain air, invariably mix their toddy twice as strong as the lowlanders are accustomed to do. This seems to be the opinion in all parts of the north; and as I was once sitting on the box of the Aberdeen and Banff coach, by the side of "Charley," the well-known and respected dragsman, one cold morning, on my way to pay a visit to a sporting friend, now no more, we very coldly stopped at a small inn to change horses, where Charley informed me we could get a real drop of good whiskey, and asked me if I would prefer having it high-land or lowland fashion: for, said the facetious Charley, in his broad lingo—"The hillman says a glass of *wuskey* and a glass of *warter* make very good toddy, but a glass of *wuskey* and a glass of *wuskey* make far superior toddy."

## OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

## LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

This lady, whose death has just occurred in humble but respectable obscurity, was at one memorable time much before the public, in consequence of her being a principal personage attached to the household of Queen Caroline. The Lady Anne Hamilton was the eldest child of Archibald, ninth Duke of Hamilton, by his wife, Harriet, fifth daughter of Alexander, Earl of Galloway. Lady Anne was born on the 16th of March, 1766. Her life has been one of many changes and vicissitudes, but it has also been one



of uniform integrity and benevolence. Of her generous nature, a strong instance is related. When she received the Duke of Queensberry's legacy of £10,000, though she was herself at the time far from being in a state of easy affluence, she made over the whole sum to her brother, Lord Archibald. It was rather against the consent of her family that her Ladyship became a Lady of Honour to the Princess of Wales, and an inmate of her Royal Highness' household. When the Princess went abroad in 1814, Lady Anne did not accompany her; but, on her becoming Queen Caroline, and returning to this country, Lady Anne joined her Majesty on her way back to Flanders, and entered London in the same carriage with her. The Queen, indeed, took up her abode for a few days in Lady Anne's house, in Portman-street, Portman-square; the rest of that eventful period, with which her Ladyship is connected, is matter of public history. After Queen Caroline's death, Lady Anne Hamilton retired once more into private life. A portion of her remaining days was embittered by the fact of a person having insinuated herself into her confidence, obtained many of her letters and papers, and having then daringly published without her sanction, a work entitled "A Secret History of the Court of England from the Accession of George III., to the Death of George IV., by the Right Hon. Lady Anne Hamilton." The legal difficulties that ensued in consequence of this cruel artifice, caused her Ladyship much serious vexation, and obliged her to reside for a time in France. She afterwards returned to the metropolis, and later retired to a small house in White Lion-street, Pentonville. Here she expired on the 10th inst., after a short illness, aged 80. It will be satisfactory to the friends of her Ladyship to know that this eminent and amiable daughter of the ducal house of Hamilton and Brandon, continued as good, as happy, and as cheerful in adversity as in prosperity; and death found her fully prepared for that brighter existence which her virtues have deserved.

## SIR HENRY RYCROFT.

This gentleman, who died on the 3rd inst., was Knight-Harbinger to the Queen, and received the honour of Knighthood on being nominated to that office in 1816. He was second son of the Rev. Dr. Richard Nelson, who assumed the surname of Rycroft in 1778, and was created a Baronet in 1783.

Sir Henry had just completed his 70th year, having been born in 1776. He married Jane, daughter of Ferdinando Tracy Travell, Esq., of Upper Slaughter, and relict of William Naper, Esq., of Loughcrew, county Meath.

## VISCOUNT ALLEN.

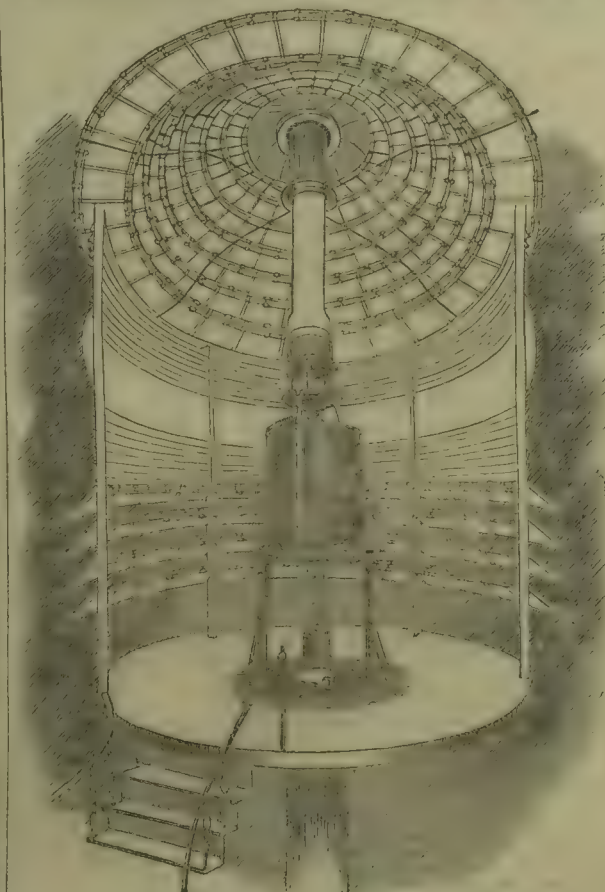
JOSHUA WILLIAM ALLEN, Viscount Allen in the Peerage of Ireland, was the only son of Joshua, fifth Viscount, by his wife, Frances, eldest daughter of the late Gayner Barry, Esq. John Viscount Allen succeeded to the honours, as sixth Viscount, on the demise of his father the 1st Feb. 1816; he never married, and consequently by his demise, which occurred at Gibraltar, on the 21st inst., in his sixty-fourth year, the title becomes extinct. The now only surviving members of the family are his Lordship's younger sister, and her children. This lady is married to an uncle of the present Earl of Carnarvon, the Hon. and Rev. W. Herbert, Dean of Manchester, and Rector of Spofforth, in Yorkshire, and has issue.

## F. VALENTINE LEE, ESQ.

This gentleman, a distinguished member of the Oxford Circuit, was called to the bar by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, the 6th February, 1829. Mr. Lee displayed great industry and activity in his profession; he was a ready and fluent speaker, and had a very fair knowledge of law. He was just rising into extensive practice on his Circuit and in Westminster Hall, and expected soon to attain the honour of a coat of arms. Mr. Lee's death occurred from a sudden attack in the region of the heart. While out shooting in the neighbourhood of Tenbury, in Worcestershire, he fell to the ground, and, being found in that state, was conveyed to his residence, and there shortly after expired, on Tuesday morning, the 13th inst. Mr. Lee possessed estates in Worcestershire and Salop.

## NEW DIOPTRIC LIGHTHOUSE, ON THE SOUTH FORELAND.

THE headland known as the South Foreland, bearing fourteen miles nearly due south from the North Foreland, is, in many respects, one of



THE LAMP, AND THE DIOPTRIC APPARATUS, IN SECTION.



## THE NEW SOUTH FORELAND FORELAND LIGHTHOUSE.



THE UPPER SOUTH FORELAND LIGHTHOUSE.

our most important Channel Lighthouse stations; for, opposite to the coast which extends from this point to the Isle of Thanet, lies the Goodwin Sand, the channel between which and the Kentish coast is the well-known roadstead of the Downs. The Goodwin Sand, though not possessing "the voracious and ingurgitating property" of wholly swallowing up ships of the largest size, has been the scene of many a fatal wreck; and the sand is stated to be considerably on the increase. This peril, and the vast amount of human life and property constantly exposed in this part of the Channel, have rendered the improvement of the South Foreland lights an object of immense importance; and, accordingly, a Lighthouse, upon a principle new to this country, has lately been constructed upon the cliff, at the point shown distinctly in the second Engraving. It is named "the Upper Lighthouse," from its being situated at a short distance above the old Light. The lantern and tower of the New Light are shown, in elevation, in the accompanying Illustration; the height of the Tower is about 50 feet.

The main novelty, however, lies in the light itself, which is the kind used in French Lighthouses, and termed *Dioptric*. It consists of a powerful oil lamp, placed in the centre of a series of lenses of a peculiar construction; thus magnifying and refracting, or dispersing the light, instead of collecting it; and employing one lamp instead of a greater number, as in the old method in English Lighthouses. The rays of light pass upward and downward from the lamp, and being caught by the

prisms, are split into thousands of beams, and then converged on eight immense lenses, whence they flash with the intensity of the most vivid sunlight.

The advantages of the new method may be thus further illustrated. The lens employed is plano-convex, and formed of separate rings or zones, whose common surfaces preserve nearly the same curvature, as if they constituted portions of one complete lens. To form a lens of such magnitude of one piece of glass would be hardly possible; and, if it were possible, the necessary thickness of the glass would greatly obstruct the light: the merit of the invention consists in building it of separate rings. The light thus obtained is found by experiment to be equal to that afforded by nine common reflectors; and it is calculated that, by a consumption of oil equal to that of seventeen common argand lamps, with reflectors, an effect is produced equal to that of thirty lamps and reflectors. There is this further advantage in the French over the English apparatus, that, in the English Lighthouse of equal illuminating power with the French, there would be the daily employment in trimming thirty lamps, and cleaning an equal number of reflectors, which, having a very delicate silver surface, require much care and attention; while, in the French Lighthouse, there is only one lamp to trim, and the lenses, being of glass, require little or no labour to keep them bright. On the other hand, these Dioptric lights have not the wide dispersive range which is so necessary in fixed lights.

The New South Foreland light is inclosed in a vast lantern of plate-glass. The Tower, as the exterior view shows, is divided into three floors: in the lower one is stored the supply of oil; in the second is a stove, which, being kept burning, preserves the atmosphere of the Lighthouse dry, so as to prevent the lantern and glasses being obscured by damp; and in the third, the shaft of the stove being continued, and the floor pierced with draught-holes, the temperature in the tower is maintained at an even point in all seasons. The improvement of the heating and ventilating of lighthouses has, of late years, occupied some of our most distinguished savans; and this application we believe to be one of the best results of their scientific labours.

The Lamp, which, with the Dioptric apparatus, we have engraved in section, has an automatic contrivance, which gives an alarm in case of the oil running low, or the machinery being out of order.

Adjoining the Tower are premises for the accommodation of the keepers; and, altogether, the new building is not of that isolated, solitary description, which gave rise to keeping a lighthouse for a fortnight being prescribed as a remedy for misanthropy.

We are persuaded that these Illustrations of this new provision for the preservation of life and property on one of our coasts will be acceptable at the present season, when the public journals record so many fatal wrecks: the gales and hurricanes of the last fortnight have been truly terrific.



THE SOUTH FORELAND, WITH THE UPPER AND LOWER LIGHTS.





THE "DESERT SCENE," FROM "THE MAID OF ARTOIS," AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

# SILVER INKSTAND PRESENTED TO THE REV. B. C. SANGAR.

ON Monday evening, the Vestry-room of St. Luke's Church, Old-street, was the scene of a very interesting ceremony—the presentation of an elegant memorial of the high esteem of the congregation of the above church, for their late Curate, the Rev. B. C. Sangar. The origin of the Testimonial is briefly as follows:—The reverend gentleman had been in the curacy about two years and a half; and, about a year since, on the death of the late Rector of St. Luke's, the congregation got up a memorial to the Bishop (Landaff), signed by 600 influential parishioners, requesting that the vacant living should be given to Mr. Sangar. The Bishop was gratified with such testimony to the zeal of the respected Curate, but replied that he had no control over the presentation, adding that he would not forget the circumstance. The Bishop has, accordingly, just presented Mr. Sangar to the vacant living of St. Paul's, Shadwell; and, on Monday evening, the Churchwardens of St. Luke's, and a committee of gentlemen representing the congregation, met in the Vestry-room, and there presented the Rev. Mr. Sangar with the above Memorial. It is a superb Silver Inkstand, richly chased weighing 64 ounces, and bearing the following inscription:—



## SILVER INKSTAND PRESENTED TO THE REV. MR. SANGAR.

"Rejoicing in his bettered fortunes, while regretting his departure from among them, the Congregation of St. Luke's Church present this INKSTAND to the Rev. B. C. SANGAR, their late Curate—not so much in token of their esteem, which such a Gift but inadequately represents, as in hope that it may serve to keep them in his remembrance as his Christian virtues will surely preserve him in theirs."

The Reverend Gentleman was highly popular in the parish as a plain but faithful preacher: his affability had endeared him to all classes of his Parishioners; and, in union with the present respected Rector, the Rev. J. Saunders, M.A., his kindness and attention to the poor, both in sickness and in health, will long be remembered throughout this large and populous parish.

## THE LATE WILLIAM BOND, ESQ.



Metropolitan Magistrate, at the Westminster Police Court. The duties of this office he fulfilled with invariable assiduity and ability, and his humane and charitable disposition caused him to be generally esteemed. Mr. Bond had been in a delicate state of health for some time, though he was not supposed to be in any immediate danger. His death occurred on the 11th instant, at his chambers in Fig-tree-court, Temple. Mr. Bond was unmarried. His youngest brother, Mr. Thomas Bond, who resided with him, is also a member of the Bar, and practises as a conveyancer.

The family of which Mr. Bond was a scion, is one of great antiquity and respectability; its present head is his first cousin, John Bond, Esq., of Grange, in Dorsetshire, formerly M.P. for Corfe Castle, and High Sheriff of Dorset in 1830. One of the deceased gentleman's uncles was the Right Hon. Nathaniel Bond, Q.C., Judge Advocate General, a Lord of the Treasury, and a Bench of the Inner Temple, who died in 1823. The family itself springs from the Bonds of Cornwall, who possessed there the estate of Earth, at a very early period. A descendant of the house, Sir George Bond, was Lord Mayor of London in 1587, and was ancestor of Sir Thomas Bond, created a Baronet by Charles II. Among other distinguished members of the family, may be mentioned John Bond, Captain of the *Isle of Portland*, at the time of the Armada; Denis Bond, a staunch and able Parliamentarian during the Civil War and the Protectorate; and Nathaniel Bond, King's Sergeant, and M.P. for Corfe Castle, and afterwards for Dorchester, in 1707.

## MUSIC.

### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

As Madame Anna Bishop's engagement is only to sing three times per week, and the lessee has extended the number of her representations to five, it may be presumed that the "Maid of Artois" has drawn good houses, and that, in the character of *Isoline*, the new *prima donna* has fixed the attention of the town. How far her triumph, for such it undoubtedly is, will be permanent, remains to be solved by her appearance in other parts. But it is quite evident that, for the future, it would not be safe for Mme. Bishop to appear in characters in which speaking is required. She must sing in recitative, unless the operas are to have the air of a burlesque. It is almost impossible at times to resist a smile in the "Maid of Artois," such a remarkable difference is there between her singing and speaking powers. We cannot but think that *Rosina*, in the "Barber of Seville," or *Adina*, in Donizetti's "Elixir d'Amore," are parts better adapted for Mme. Bishop than those exacting great dramatic energy. She has exquisite sensibility; but it is palpable that she is not the child of genius, but the child of tuition. She has acquired, since her opening performance, more vigour; but the voice is certainly very weak, and at times muffled. It is necessary to be frank in matters of art, for there is danger of this really clever *artiste* being misled by inordinate puffing.

There is but one opinion as to the superiority of her style over [that of any other English vocalist]; but then her compass is so limited, and her physical strength so deficient, that she must ring the changes eternally in about six upper notes to produce any effect. In short it is in a smaller arena that the vocal gymnastics of Madame Bishop would tell to greater advantage. We have heard her sing the *finale* three times, but it has always been with painful sensations. Not that any fears need be entertained of a break down; she is too good a musician ever to be thus seriously compromised; but the feeling that her vocalisation is the result of sheer labour, and that in the vocal outbursts she is feeble, is unpleasant. The audiences have received her very cordially on each representation; there is not a *furor*, certainly, but the applause is genuine at her best attributes. She sings and performs so admirably in the scene of the Desert, with Harrison, (of which our artist has supplied an illustration,) that it is almost a pity that a choros does not conclude the opera, instead of the bravura "The rapture dwelling," that nobody has been able to render effectively since Malibran, except Pauline Viardot Garcia, her sister, and our own once celebrated singer Mrs. Wood. Madame Bishop delivers the recitative and air in which *Isoline* watches over the inanimate body of her lover *Jules*, superbly; and her description of the horrors of thirst coming over her, until she sinks exhausted to the ground, is very touchingly given. When she sings, she acts well; but from the moment that she speaks, all scenic illusion is destroyed.

It is not yet known what will be Madame Bishop's second part. The *Prima Donna*'s character in Laveau's new opera, which is now in preparation, is stated

to be full of speaking points. If this be the case, there is only Miss Romer capable of playing it. The "Sonnambula," "Lucia," &c., have been dreadfully hacked, it is true; but as there are recitative versions of these operas, Madame Bishop might try them, the more especially as she was successful in them at the San Carlo in Naples. Why not revive, by the way, Dr. Arne's "Artaxerxes," with Madame Bishop as *Mandane*, the music for which is for a high soprano, and has been the *cheval de bataille* for Madame Mara, Mrs. Billington, Miss Stephens, Miss Wilson, and a host of other eminent vocalists.

On Wednesday night there were symptoms of an *emeute*. Owing to Mr. Harrison's hoarseness Mr. Barker was announced for the part of *Thaddeus*, in "The Bohemian Girl," but, it appears that owing to his absence from town, the customary "call" of the manager was not obeyed. At the eleventh hour Mr. Rafter, the new tenor, a pupil of Crevelli, undertook the character, and, for so short a notice, acquitted himself very creditably, although the audience by no means relished the change in the cast.

SUSSEX HALL.—A Concert was given by the Literary and Scientific Institution on Tuesday night, which was attended principally by Hebrew amateurs. The programme comprised glees by Attwood and Webb, sung by Messrs. Lowick, Dudley, and Salwood; and ballads, executed by Miss Dolby, Miss Poole, Messrs. Harrison, Leffer, and Edney. The selection was from the works of Donizetti, Pacini, Bellini, Benedict, Balfe, Linley, Beethoven, Lindpainter, John Parry, Paer, Hatton, *alias* Czapek, Rossini, F. Romer, Dibdin, &c. The Hall was crowded to excess, and there were five encores out of twenty pieces. Mr. Maurice Davies was the Conductor, and performed a pianoforte and violin concertante duo with Mr. Case, who ably executed *soit* on the concertina as well as violin.

### MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.—Mr. Morley, the bass singer, begins his "Tour in America," with songs, next week, at the Strand Theatre. Mr. Edney comes forward at the Sussex Hall, as a singer of Dibdin's songs and as an imitator of John Parry. Mr. Lover is now in the United States; Mr. Wilson is in Scotland; and Mr. Phillips in the south of England.

PARISIAN MUSICAL NEWS.—A great discussion is going on, touching the performance of Italian operas at the Académie Royale de Musique. The critic of the *Journal des Débats* having attacked M. Leon Fillet, the Director, for not producing original works, he has addressed a long letter in reply, contending for the legality and propriety of the course that he has pursued in bringing out "Lucia" and "Otello," and in proposing to produce a French version of Rossini's "La Donna del Lago," under the title of "Robert Bruce." It appears from this correspondence that Rossini has really not composed anything new for the *pasticcio*, but that to the original music of "La Donna del Lago" is added pieces by the Swan of Pesaro—rarely heard, or that have remained among his MSS. M. Fillet promises a new opera by Anber before the end of the season, and one by Meyer



THE LATE MR. BOND, THE WESTMINSTER POLICE MAGISTRATE.



GALS of the 16th Century will be performed by a Sax-Horn Band, under the Direction of Dr Wallis, Daily and in the Evenings.—Admission, 1s.; Schools Half-price.



## THE WESTMORLAND NOVELIST.

On the First of December, 1846, will appear, in Monthly Parts, price 6d., ADVENTURES OF AN AUTHOR, with a Sketch of his Sayings, Doings, Lectures, and Correspondence with the Mighty Men in the Days of Queen Victoria; with Plates, by QUIZ. London: W. STRANGE.

Will be Published on November the First, Price one Shilling, Part I. of ROWLAND BRADSHAW; or, The Way to Fame. By the Author of "Rory Rattler." Dedicated to the Young Men of England. Illustrated by S. P. FLETCHER. London: SHERWOOD, GILBERT, and PIPER, Paternoster-row.

COINS of the ANCIENT ROMAN EMPERORS; History of the Succession of the Ancient Roman Emperors, with the Prices of their Coins, bearing Portraits, their Dates and Mottos, is just published by P. WHELAN, Dealer in Ancient Coins, 45, Strand, London, price 1s. 6d. Coins sent by post, Bought, Catalogued, &c.

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ROWLAND'S ODONTO, or Pearl Dentifrice; a white Powder for the Teeth, compounded of the choicest and most recherché ingredients of the Oriental herbal. It extirpates all tartarous adhesions to the teeth, and ensures a pearl-like whiteness to the enamelled surface. It must also, from the salubrious and disinfected qualities of the Odonto, attain a sweetness and fragrance truly grateful to its possessor. Its invaluable properties have obtained its selection by the Court and Royal Family of Great Britain, and the Sovereigns and Nobility throughout Europe, while the general demand for it at once announces the favour in which it is universally held. Price 2s. 9d. per box. CAUTION.—To protect the public from fraud, the Government Stamp, with "A. ROWLAND and SON, 20, Hatton Garden," engraved thereon, is affixed on each box. All others are fraudulent counterfeits!

METCALFE and CO.'S NEW PATTERN TOOTH-BRUSH and SMYRNA SPONGES.—Useful Inquiry.—For proof of the extreme durability, power of cleaning, and true economy, ask all who have used Metcalfe's Brushes. The Tooth-brush performs the highly-important office of searching thoroughly into the divisions, and cleaning in the most extraordinary manner; hairs never come loose. Its peculiarly penetrating Hair-brushes, with the durable unbleached Russia bristles, which will not soften like common hair. Improved Clothes-brush, that cleans harmlessly in one-third the time. The new Velvet Brush, and immense Stock of genuine unbleached Smyrna Sponges, at METCALFE and CO.'s, only Establishment, 130A, Oxford-street, one door from Holles-street.

FOR STOPPING DECAYED TEETH.—Price 2s. 6d. Patronized by her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert. MR. THOMAS'S SUCCEEDANEUM for Stopping Decayed Teeth, however large the cavity. It is placed in the tooth in a soft state, without any pressure or pain, and soon becomes as hard as the enamel, and will remain firm in the tooth for many years, rendering extraction unnecessary, arresting the further progress of decay. All persons can use Mr. Thomas's Succeedaneum themselves with ease, as full directions are enclosed. Price 2s. 6d. Sold by Savory, 220, Regent-street; Sanger, 150, Oxford-street; Butler, 4, Chesapeake; Johnston, 68, Cornhill; and all Medicine Vendors in the Kingdom. Mr. Thomas continues to lose the Loss of Teeth on his new system of extraction, without springs or wires. This method does not require the extraction of any teeth or roots, or any painful operation whatever, and is much less expensive than others. Mr. THOMAS, Surgeon-Dentist, 64, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

AN INFALLIBLE HAIR DYE. ROWLAND'S MELACOMIA; the most successful liquid preparation ever known in this or any other country, for DYEING the HAIR of the Head, Whiskers, Mustachios, and Eyebrows a natural and permanent Brown or Black, so exactly resembling the natural colour of the hair as to defy detection. It is perfectly innocent in its nature, is free from any unpleasant smell, and can be used by any lady or gentleman with the greatest ease and secrecy. Its effect is so permanent, that neither water nor perspiration will influence it; and it is entirely free from those properties (usual in hair dyes) which give an unnatural red or purple tint to the hair. Price 5s.—Prepared by A. ROWLAND and SON, 20, Hatton-garden, London; sold by them, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

SELF MEASUREMENT—GREAT ACCOMMODATION.—The following Directions will ensure an exact Fit, and will be found a most convenient accommodation. The measure may be taken with a piece of tape, and reduced into inches, stating the height of person, and if any peculiarity in figure; also whether taken over a Coat.

COATS, VESTS, &c.		Inches.	TROUSERS.		Inches.
From Neck seam, not including Collar, to Hip Buttons .. ..	.. ..		From top of Trousers to bottom of Trousers .. ..	.. ..	
From Hip Buttons to Bottom of Skirt .. ..	.. ..		Size round top of Thigh (tight) .. ..	.. ..	
From centre of Back to Elbow Joint Continued to length of Sleeve at Wrist .. ..	.. ..		Size round Calf .. ..	.. ..	
Size round top of Arm .. ..	.. ..		Ditto Waist .. ..	.. ..	
Size round Chest under the Coat .. ..	.. ..		Ditto Hips .. ..	.. ..	
Size round Waist under the Coat .. ..	.. ..		HAT.		
READY MADE.		£ s d	Measure size round the Head .. ..		.. ..
			MADE TO MEASURE.		£ s d
Beaver Taglioni from .. ..	0 8 6		Winter Coats, "warranted water-proof," made to any style, handsomely trimmed .. ..	1 5 0	
Beaver Chesterfields and Coddingtons Pacha D'Orsay Chesterfields, Coddingtons, Pelouses, &c., and every description of Winter Coats .. ..	1 5 0		Milled Cloth Coats, trimmed, Velvet Collar and Cuffs lined .. ..	2 6 0	
Boys' Winter Coats in every style, and make .. ..	0 8 6		Tweed Over Coats .. ..	0 18 0	
Tweed Trousers, lined .. ..	0 10 6		Tweed Trousers .. ..	0 8 6	
Dress Coats .. ..	1 0 0		Winter Trousers, in all the most approved French Patterns .. ..	1 2 6	
Frock Coats .. ..	1 5 0		Best of Dress Trousers .. ..	1 6 0	
Double Breasted Waistcoats .. ..	0 2 6		Best of Dress Coats .. ..	2 15 0	
Boys' Hussar and Tunic Suits .. ..	0 18 0		Best of Frock Coats .. ..	1 15 0	
Boys' Winter Trousers .. ..	0 3 0		Best Quality Made .. ..	3 3 0	
Boys' Winter Vests .. ..	0 1 6		Fancy Waistcoats .. ..	0 8 0	
			Satin, Plain, or Fancy .. ..	0 12 0	
			Boys' Hussar and Tunic Suits .. ..	1 5 0	
			MISCELLANEOUS.		





THE 3RD REGIMENT (BUFFS) MARCHING THROUGH THE CITY OF LONDON.

PASSAGE OF THE THIRD REGIMENT (BUFFS) THROUGH THE CITY.

On Monday and Tuesday, the 3rd Regiment (Bufs) left Portsmouth for Ireland. On this occasion, the gallant Colonel, Sir James Dennis, K.C.B., availed himself of what is considered the exclusive privilege of this celebrated regiment, namely, to march through the City of London with drums beating and colours flying; and we believe the Lord Mayor to have been apprised of this intended exercise of the Regiment's right.

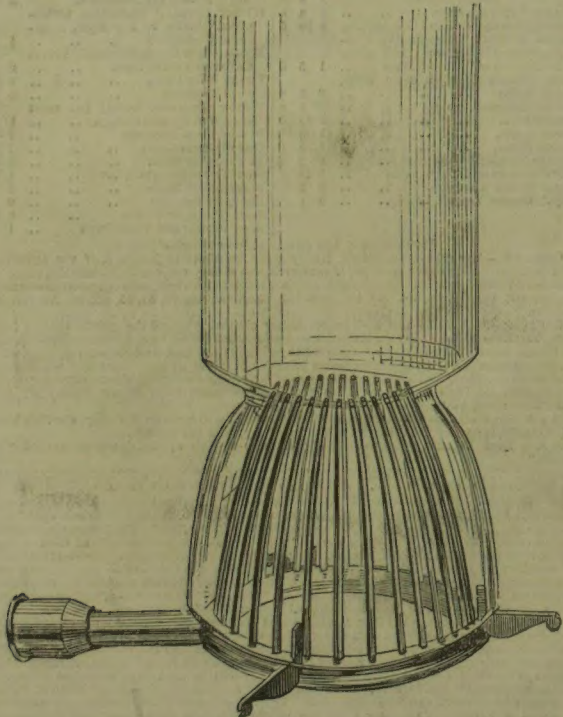
Accordingly, a division of the Regiment marched into the City by Blackfriars-bridge; and our artist has engraved this peculiar exercise of privilege. At the time, a drove of bullocks from Smithfield-market was passing towards the bridge; and in Chatham-place, one of the beasts, irritated by the noise of the drums and the glare of the red coats, dashed among the soldiers; considerable confusion ensued, and a young girl was struck to the pavement by the infuriated animal, her skull dreadfully fractured, and she expired.

On Tuesday, an inquest was held on the body, before W. Payne, Esq. From the testimony of City police-constable 398, and other witnesses, it appeared that about half-past three o'clock on Monday afternoon the 3rd Regiment of Foot (Bufs), having come from Portsmouth per rail, marched from the terminus at Vauxhall, in the direction of the Easton station, en route for Ireland, and, having arrived on the City side of Blackfriars-bridge, the colours were flying, and the band had struck up a lively air, when an ox, which was being driven along Bridge-street in a contrary direction to the military, became alarmed by the music, and dashed suddenly towards the footpath by Chatham-place, where the soldiers were marching. Several of the men met the ox with their bayonets; one struck into the animal's skull, and became bent; the other pierced one of his nostrils, from which the blood flowed profusely; and the beast became so enraged that he again charged the military, broke their ranks, knocked down some of the men, and threw the arms of others to the ground. Passing the pavement, he threw down the deceased with great violence, her head coming in contact with the curb. The poor girl, Sarah Kelly, aged nine years, lived in Duke-street, Stamford-street, and was on her way to see her mother, a nurse in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. She was promptly taken by the police-constable to Mr. Hutchinson's, surgeon, of Farringdon-street, where she shortly expired. Her face was covered with blood, which flowed from a fracture of the skull, and injuries to the chest, which caused death. The Jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death," accompanied by their urgent and unanimous recommendation to the proper authorities, that the dangerous practice of driving horned cattle through the public thoroughfares, to and from Smithfield, may be discontinued.

LESLIE'S NEW PATENT ETHEREAL GAS BURNER.

This elegant apparatus produces from the ordinary coal gas, when supplied at a pressure of seven or eight-tenths of an inch (to overcome the friction of the small tubes, through which the gas is made to pass), a light of great brilliancy.

The gas, being contained in each separate tube, causes a current of air to play around each tube; and, when the gas is ignited, the supply of oxygen is sufficient for the entire and perfect combustion of all the gas which issues from each separate tube; and the result is a cylinder of flame of great purity, diffusing its light without the slightest shadow.



LESLIE'S NEW GAS BURNER.

It prevents the nuisance of smoke and dirt depositing on the ceilings and furniture. There is no radiation of heat from the metal burner, which is easily at-

tached to any ordinary gas fittings. This improvement has already been introduced into the following large establishments:—The banking-houses of Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Halifax, and Co.; and Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smiths; the London Coffee House; Brookes' Club-house, &c. The Office of the Agency is at 59, Conduit-street.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Philibeg."—Messrs. Horwitz and Harwitz have already begun their contest, and this, it is eagerly expected by the Chess world, will be followed by another of still greater import and excitement. Mr. Staunton having put forth a challenge, offering to play Mr. G. Walker twenty-one games, upon the same terms as those of the match just terminated between Mr. S. and Mr. Harwitz—i. e., for seven of the games, Mr. S. offers to give the odds of Pawn and two moves; in seven, to give the odds of Pawn and one move; and, in seven more, to play without giving any odds. Should this challenge be accepted by Mr. Walker, it is proposed that one half of the games shall be played at the St. George's Club, and the other moiety in the rooms of the Old London Club. You will get the whole of the games in the late match, in the October and next month's Number of the "Chess Player's Chronicle."

"Rev. T. M."—Sir Frederick Madden's "Historical Remarks on the Introduction of Chess into Europe," originally appeared, we believe, in the "Archæologia," vol. xxiv. It was subsequently republished, in the 1st and 2nd Volumes of the "Chess Player's Chronicle."

"A Lancashire Witch."—The one hundred end-games on Diagrams, by Mr. R. A. Brown, of Leeds, may no doubt be got of any Bookseller there; if not, you can obtain it from the London publisher, Hastings, Lincoln's Inn.

"Novice."—The Games and Problems published in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS are obtained exclusively for this paper, and cannot be got in a collected form in any other publication.

"H. G. G."—A piece interposing to cover a check may yet give "check" to the adverse King.

"A Birmingham Subscriber."—The volumes of the "Chess-Player's Chronicle" already published form of themselves a library for reference and instruction. As the funds of the Club increase, you can add the works of Jaenisch, Bilguer, Lewis, Walker, &c. &c.

"A Beginner."—"Gambit," in Chess, is said to be derived from "Gambetto," an Italian word, signifying "to trip up" in wrestling. The Gambits are those games in which the opening player sacrifices a Pawn at the beginning, for the purpose of speedily bringing his chief pieces to bear upon the adverse King.

"H. S."—Four little Enigmas shall be given hereafter. The games you mention have already appeared in the Daily Papers. You will get them complete, with Notes by the Players themselves, in the "Chess Magazine."

"Sopraccita."—You have failed in No. 59.

"Subscriber."—Clifton.—You have omitted to mark the situation of White's King on the Diagram. The solutions are given at the end of the volume.

"A. B. C."—White, not having lost any piece, pushes a Pawn to his 8th square, —Is he entitled to call for a Queen or any other piece? He may call for any piece he chooses.

"Attention."—"A. S.," "H. M.," "Alpha," see the Solutions in to-day's Paper.

"Marazion."—If your opponent took a Pawn illegally, you had a right to compel him, at your option, either to take that Pawn with a piece which could legally take it, or to make him play his King; but you could not force him to capture a Pawn (en passant) with a piece, that being an inadmissible move. Mr. Bolton's Enigma must be solved in four moves.

"Fair Play."—We are indebted for the Problem in question to a celebrated German player. The collection mentioned we never saw, but understood such a work was published in Paris.

"Long, Long Ago."—Many thanks. They shall have a niche in our column.

"K. and A."—In all such cases, it is better for each party to retract his moves up to the time when the King was placed in check.

"T. J. G."—Your little Club has our best wishes. We have not at the moment time to go through the variations you suggest in Mr. Bolton's position, but they shall be carefully examined.

"C. R.," a Member of the Metropolitan Circle, is warmly thanked for his obliging communications. The promised MS. games will, indeed, be acceptable.

Solutions by "D. W.," "H. S.," "G. H.," "Philo-Chess," "H. P.," "M. P.," "Marazion," "Caerphilly," "M. M.," and "Dombey, Jun.," "Styk," "H. M.," "U. H. C.," "Alpha," are correct. Those by "P. W." and "A. Z." are wrong.

\* At the request of several Correspondents, we withhold the Solution of Mendheim's fine Problem another week.

Any young Amateur or Amateurs wishing to play a Game or two by Correspondence may hear of an Opponent by addressing a note to "L. B.," 207, Upper Thames-street.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM, No. 142.

WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q takes B (ch) K takes Q 5. Kt to K's 5th (ch) K to Kt 5th  
2. K to Q 4th (ch) K to Kt 4th (a) 6. B to Q's 2nd (ch) Q takes B  
3. R to R's 5th (ch) K to B's 5th 7. Kt to Q B 6th—mate  
4. K R to Q B's sq (ch) Q to B 7th (best) (b)

(a) It must be quite evident that if the King retires, he will be mated immediately.  
(b) This is the Solution by Professor Forbes. If we mistake not, however, the coup de grace may be given, though less elegantly, in five instead of seven moves, as follows:—

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to Q's 8th (ch) B takes Kt (best)  
2. R to Q Kt 4th (ch) K to R sq. (The interposition of the Q and then the B will not prolong the mate.)  
3. Q to her B's 5th, and Black cannot possibly, we think, prevent mate in two moves.

CHESS ENIGMAS.

No. 64.—By Mr. S. ANGAS. WHITE. BLACK.  
K at Q B 7th K at Q 4th  
R at Q B sq P at Q 5th  
B at K Kt 4th  
Kt at Q 3rd  
P at K B 2nd  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

No. 65.—By THE SAME. WHITE. BLACK.  
K at Q 2nd K at Q 5th  
R at K B 5th P at Q B 3rd  
Kt at K 5th  
Kt at Q R 3rd  
P's at K Kt 3rd, and  
K B 4th  
White playing first mates in five moves.

No. 66.—By the SAME. WHITE. BLACK.  
K at Q B 2nd K at Q Kt 3rd B at Q B 8th B at K R 4th  
Q at her Kt 3rd Q at her R 6th Kt at K sq P's at Q's 3rd Q B's  
R at K 7th R at Q R sq R at Q R 4th 4th & Q Kt 4th  
R at Q B 7th  
White, playing first, mates in four moves.

MATCH AT CHESS BETWEEN MM. HORWITZ AND HARRWITZ.

Through the spirited intervention of the London Chess Club, the preliminaries of a Match, the best of fifteen games, between these two distinguished players, were arranged last week, and the opening game "came off," before a numerous assemblage of Chess amateurs, in the rooms of the Club, on Monday, the 12th. The following are the moves:—

GAME THE FIRST.  
BLACK (Harrwitz). WHITE (Horwitz). BLACK (Harrwitz). WHITE (Horwitz).  
1. K P two K P two 20. Q to her 5th Q takes Q  
2. K Kt to B 3rd Q Kt to B 3rd 21. P takes Q K to Q 2d  
3. Q B P one (a) Q P two (b) 22. B takes B K takes B  
4. K B to Q Kt 5th Q B to Kt 5th (c) 23. K R to Kt 5th K R to K 4th  
5. Q to her R 4th B takes Kt 24. P to K B 4th R takes Q P  
6. B takes Kt (ch) P takes B 25. Kt to Q 2d R to K B 4th  
7. Q takes P (ch) K to his 2nd (d) 26. R takes R P takes R  
8. P takes B K Kt to B 3rd 27. Kt to K B 3rd K to his 3rd  
9. Q Kt P one (e) Q to her Kt sq (f) 28. Kt takes Q P (ch) K takes P  
10. Q B to R 3rd (ch) K to Q sq 29. K to Q B 2nd R to K Kt sq  
11. K R to K Kt sq Kt to K sq 30. R to K sq R to K Kt 7th  
12. Q takes P (ch) B to Q 3rd 31. R to K 6th (ch) K to B 2nd  
13. Q P two P takes P 32. R to K 2nd K to B 3rd  
14. K P one K Kt to B 3rd 33. P to K B 3rd R to K Kt 2nd  
15. P takes Kt R to K sq (ch) 34. K to B 3rd K R P two  
16. K to Q sq K Kt P one 35. Q R P two K R P one  
17. Q B P one R to K 4th 36. R to K 6th (ch) K to B 2nd  
18. Q takes K B P Q to her Kt 2d 37. R to K 6th  
19. Q to K Kt 8th (ch) R to K sq  
And White resigned.

(a) The opening adopted by Mr. Staunton in his last even game with Mr. Harwitz, and which the latter found so difficult to defend that he resolved to try the effect of the attack against his present opponent.  
(b) We like this better than K B P two.  
(c) This is a very bad move.  
(d) From this early stage even, White's game is quite irretrievable.  
(e) Black follows up his advantage with unerring pertinacity.  
(f) Vilely played, locking up both Queen and Rook.

\* Since the above was prepared for the press, we have been favoured with the moves of another, and a much better contested game between the same players, which was won on Wednesday last by Mr. Horwitz.

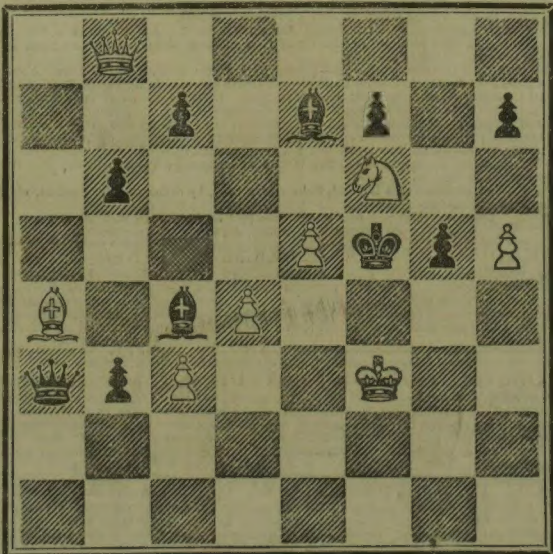
Our next game, perhaps the briefest which ever occurred in actual play, came off a short time back at the Café de la Regence, between MM. X and Y.

WHITE. (M. X.) BLACK. (M. Y.)  
1. K P two 1. K P two  
2. Q to K R 5th 2. K B P one (This being what is called an "impossible move," because it exposes his King to the check of the adverse Q, he is obliged to play his K)  
3. Q takes K P mate !! 2. K to his 2d

PROBLEM No. 143. (a)

By F. VON GOLTZ.

White to play and mate in four moves. BLACK.



WHITE.

(a) From the Berlin Schachzeitung.